

GOLD  
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

HANNA-BARBERA

15c

10006-904  
APRIL

# THE FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES





Hanna-Barbera  
THE FLINTSTONES

# PEBBLES' PLAYMATE

OH, BOY! THIS IS A GREAT PLACE FOR A PICNIC!

GET THE LUNCH BASKET, FRED!

DA-DA, DA-DA!



OH, DEAR... WHERE'S PEBBLES?

PEBBLES HONEY, WHERE ARE YOU?

YOO-HOO, PEBBLES, COME TO DADDY!



HERE SHE COMES, FRED!

ABBA-DABBA-GOO!



WHAT...?

ISN'T IT CUTE? A LITTLE KITTEN!



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. THE FLINTSTONES, No. 51, April, 1969. Published bi-monthly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 75c per year; foreign subscriptions \$1.25 per year; Canadian subscriptions \$1.00 per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1969, 1964, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us six weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

This Periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor affixed to nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

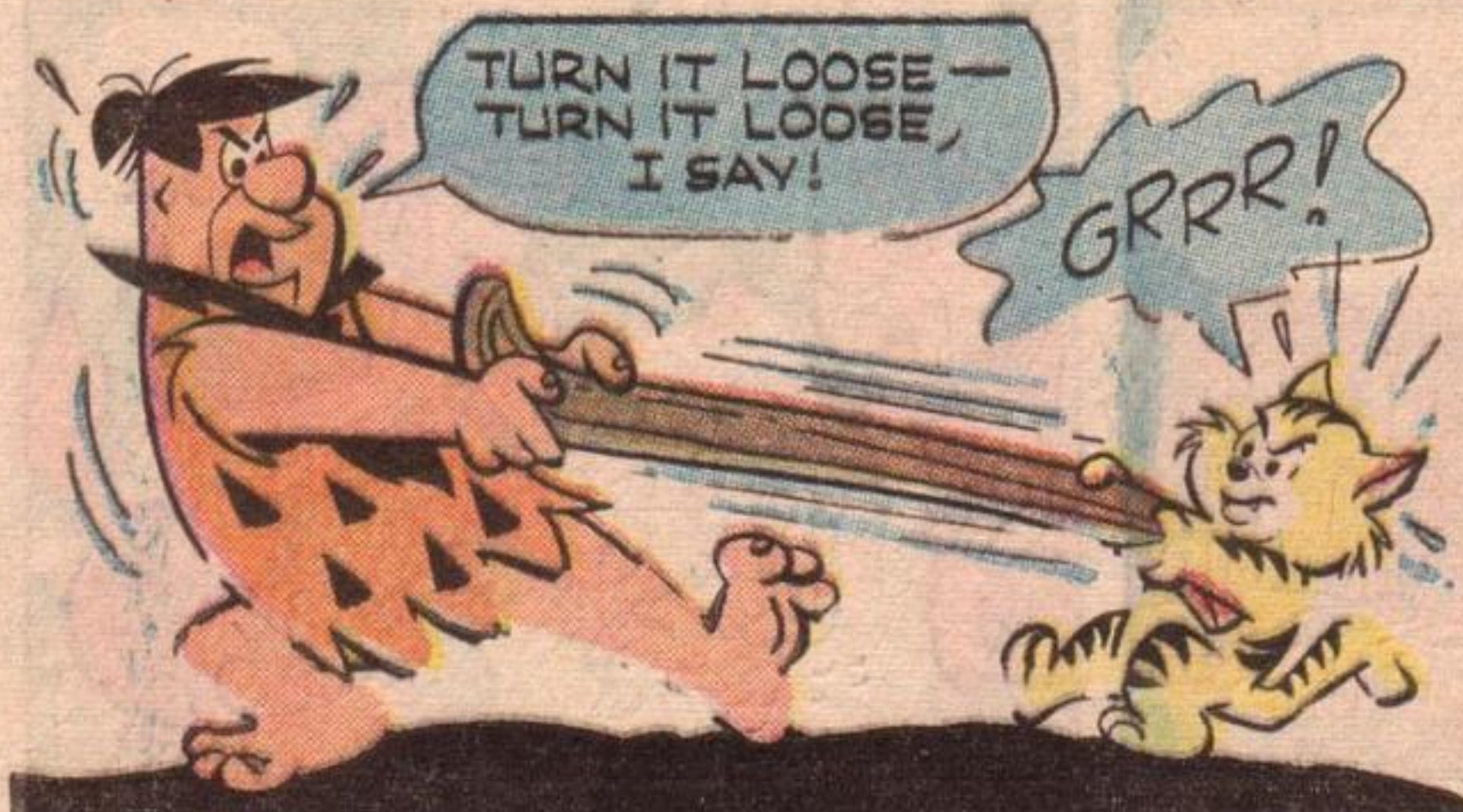
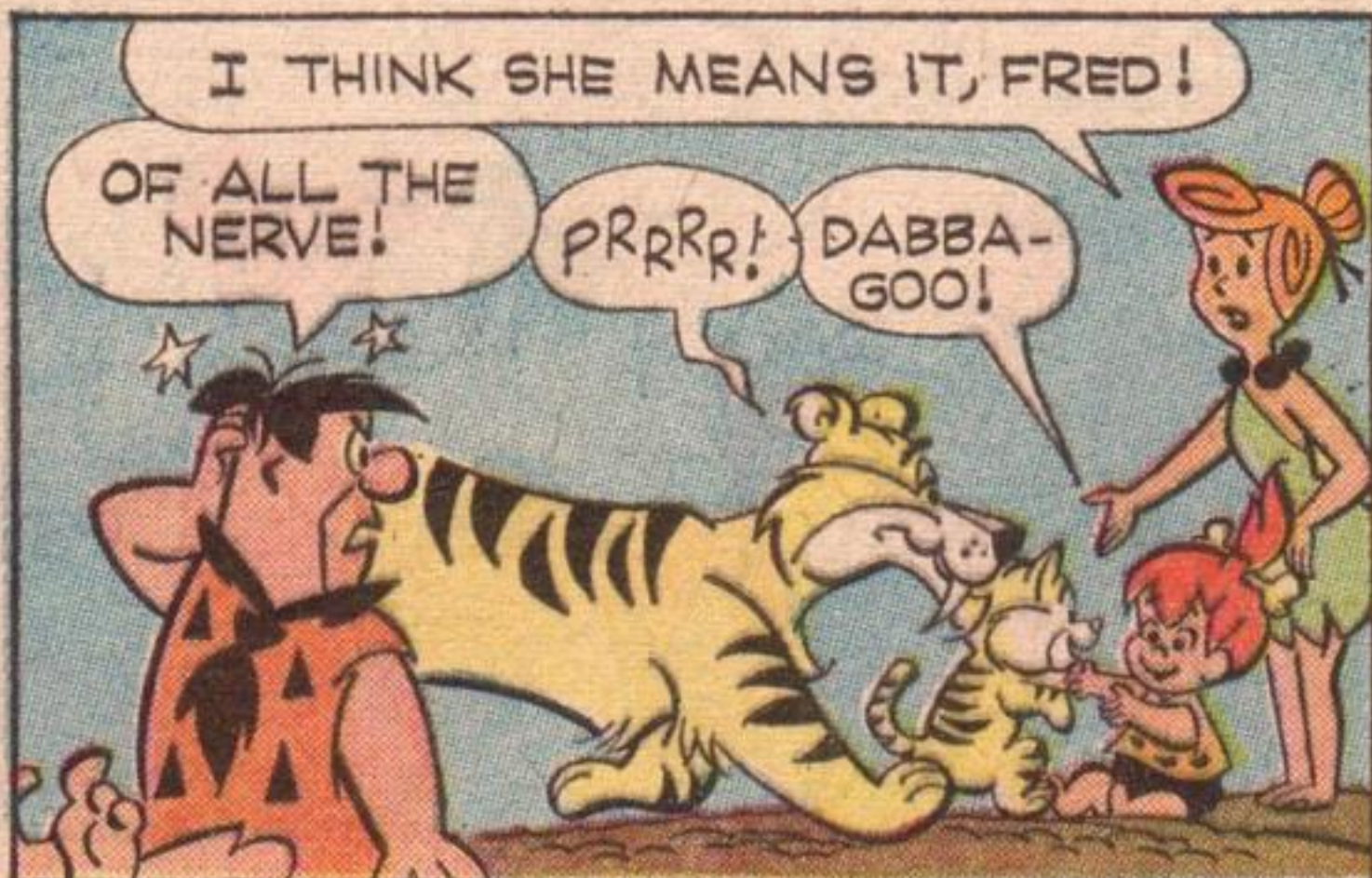


TRADEMARKS OF SCREEN GEMS, INC. Western Publishing Company, Inc. authorized user. © 1969, Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

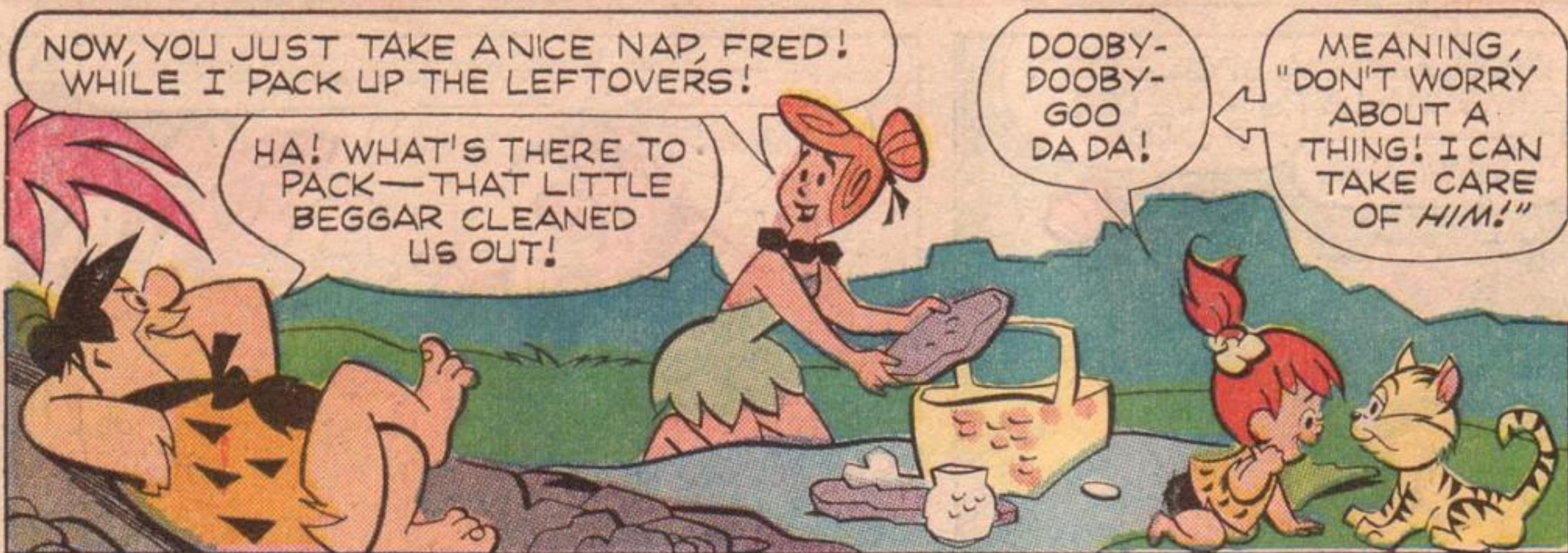
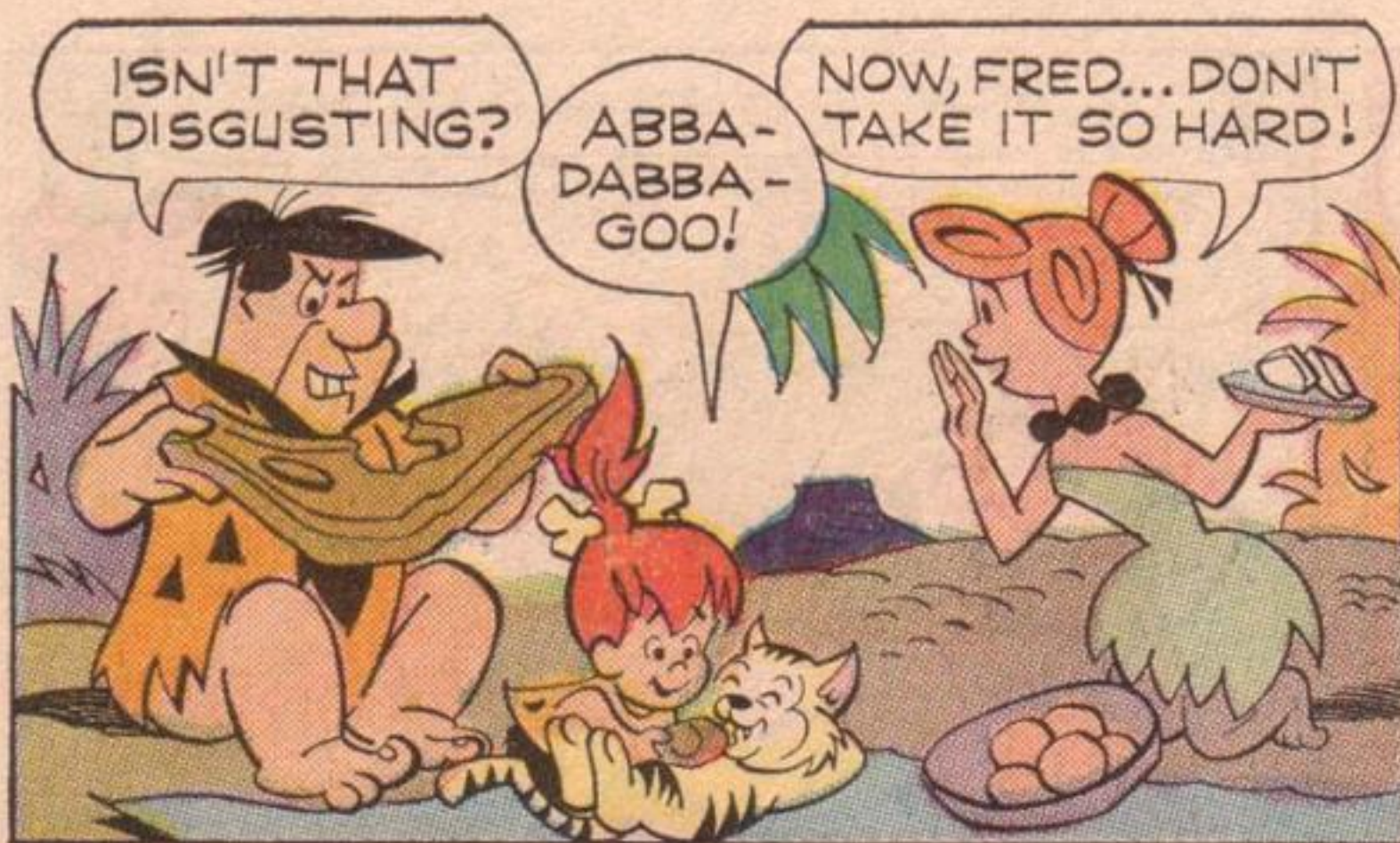














WILMA, ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS?

OF COURSE NOT, FRED! IT MUST'VE SNEAKED INTO THE BASKET WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED!

Fred and Wilma are shown from the chest up. Fred is on the left, looking at Wilma with a questioning expression. Wilma is on the right, looking back at him with her hands raised in a gesture of surprise or denial.

LOOK AT THAT! WE SIMPLY HAVE TO LET HER KEEP IT!

DA-DA-DOO-GOO!

PURR-PURR-

Fred and Wilma are looking at a small, spotted kitten. Fred is on the left, looking at the kitten with a surprised expression. Wilma is on the right, looking at the kitten with a smile. The kitten is sitting and looking up at them.

OH, ALL RIGHT... I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!

Fred is shown from the chest up, looking very happy and content. He has a wide smile and his hands are raised in a gesture of satisfaction.

COMES THE NIGHT...

PRRRRRRR

Fred and Wilma are shown sleeping in a bed. Fred is on the left, and Wilma is on the right. They are both covered with a red blanket. The background is dark, indicating it is nighttime.

TWO HOURS LATER...

PRRRRRRR

I CAN'T STAND IT!

Fred is shown lying in bed, looking very uncomfortable. He is holding his head with both hands, and his face is contorted in pain. The background is dark, indicating it is nighttime.

THAT VARMIN'T HAS GOT TO GO! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SLEEP!

PRRRRRRR

Fred is shown sitting up in bed, looking very angry. He is holding his head with both hands, and his face is contorted in anger. The background is dark, indicating it is nighttime.

WHAT PEOPLE DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT THEM! I'LL PRETEND THIS LITTLE PEST GOT HOMESICK AND WENT BACK TO HIS MAMA!

Fred is shown running away from his cave, carrying the kitten in his arms. He is looking back over his shoulder with a determined expression. The background shows a cave entrance and a crescent moon in the sky.





SCAT... SHOO!  
SCRAM!



THERE! HE'LL FIND HIS  
MOTHER AGAIN AND WON'T  
GIVE US ANY MORE TROUBLE!



YEOW! WAAA! WAAA!

I WONDER WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH PEBBLES!



FRED, HOW COULD YOU?

HUH? HOW  
COULD I  
WHAT?



FRED FLINTSTONE, YOU KNOW VERY  
WELL WHAT I'M  
TALKING ABOUT!

UH-A...WELL, IT  
WAS KEEPING ME  
AWAKE AND I JUST HAD  
TO DO SOMETHING!

WAA!



GEE, HONEY...DON'T  
TAKE IT SO HARD!  
I'LL GET YOU ANOTHER  
PET...HONEST I WILL!

SHE'S NOT  
LISTENING,  
FRED!

WAAAA!



GEE...WHAT AM  
I GONNA DO?

YOU FIGURE  
IT OUT, FRED!

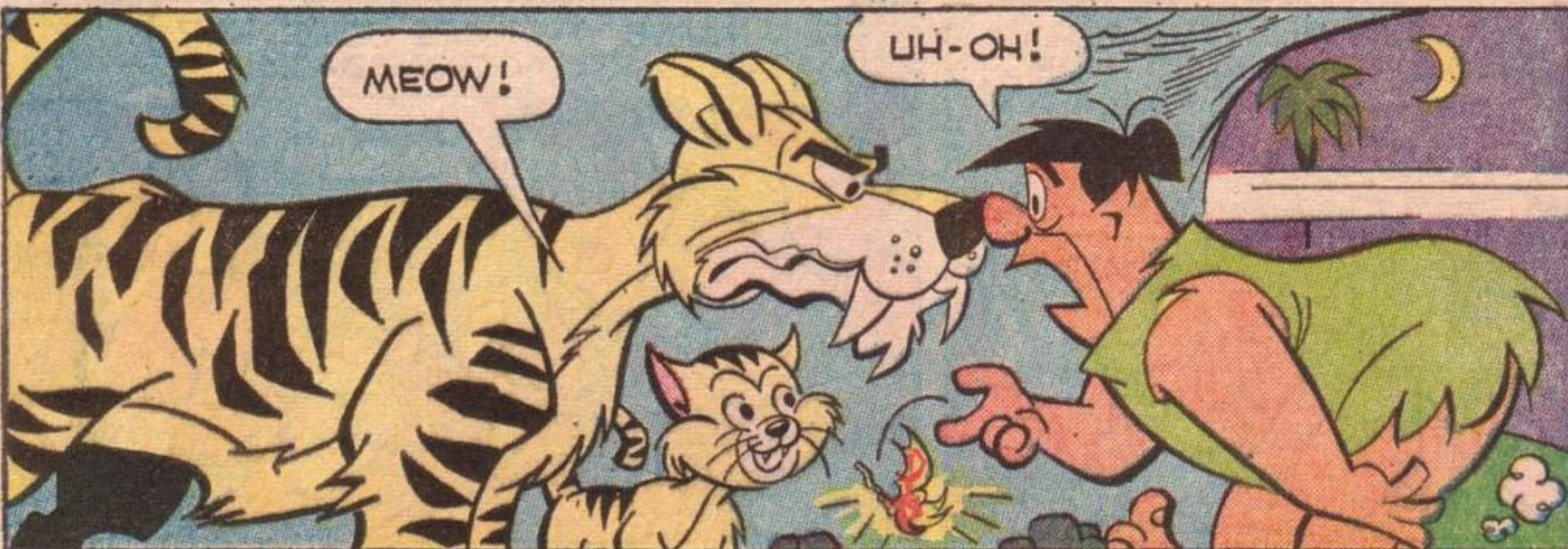
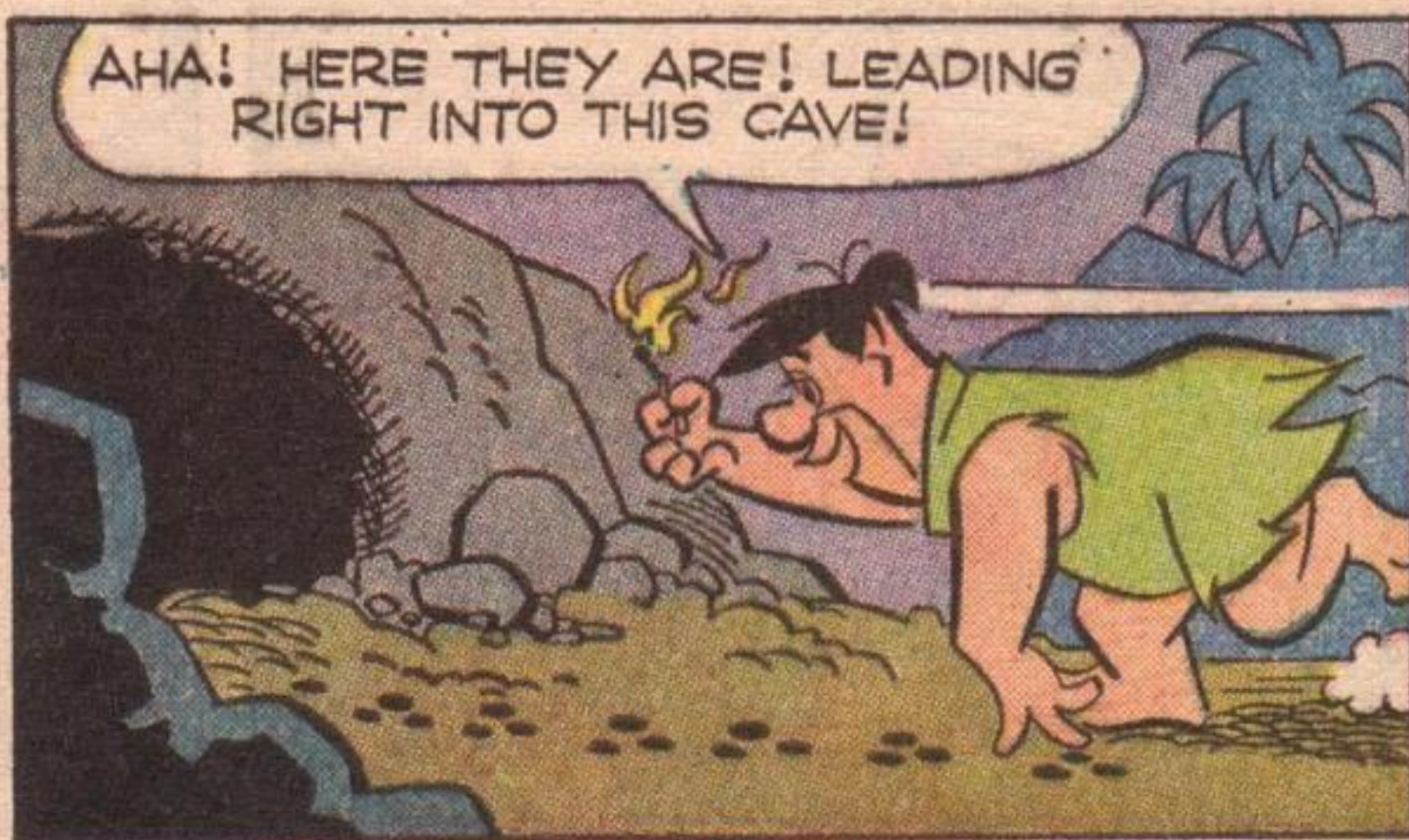
WAAA!



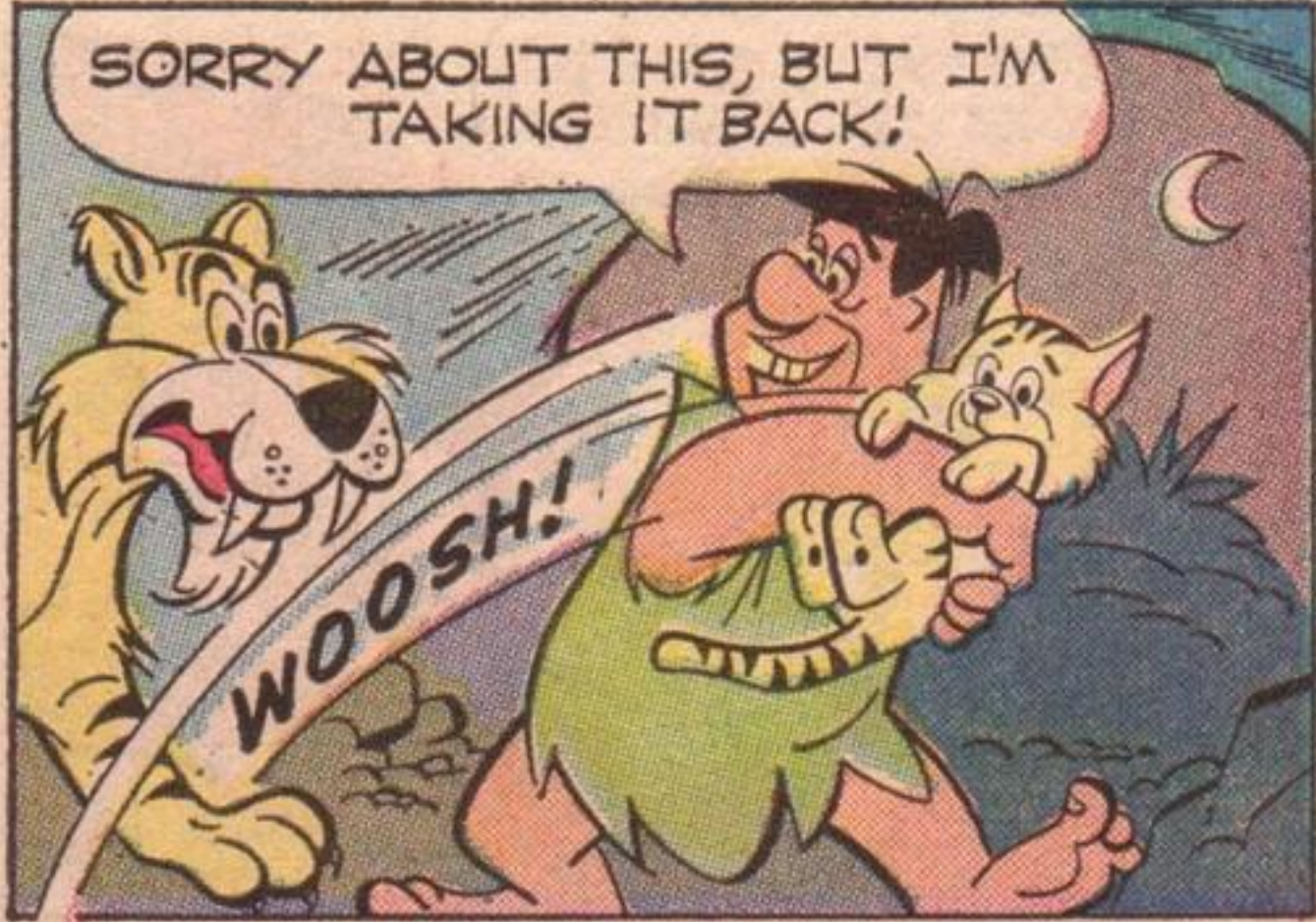
AW, WILMA...YOU CAN'T  
EXPECT ME TO GO BACK  
OUT THERE! IT'S DOWN-  
RIGHT DANGEROUS!

YOU DIDN'T  
MIND GOING  
THE FIRST  
TIME!









SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT I'M TAKING IT BACK!



RROURR-R!

WOOSH!

HEY! CUT THAT OUT! OUCH!



ARRROARR!

YEOW! WILMA! OPEN THE DOOR! HERE I COME!



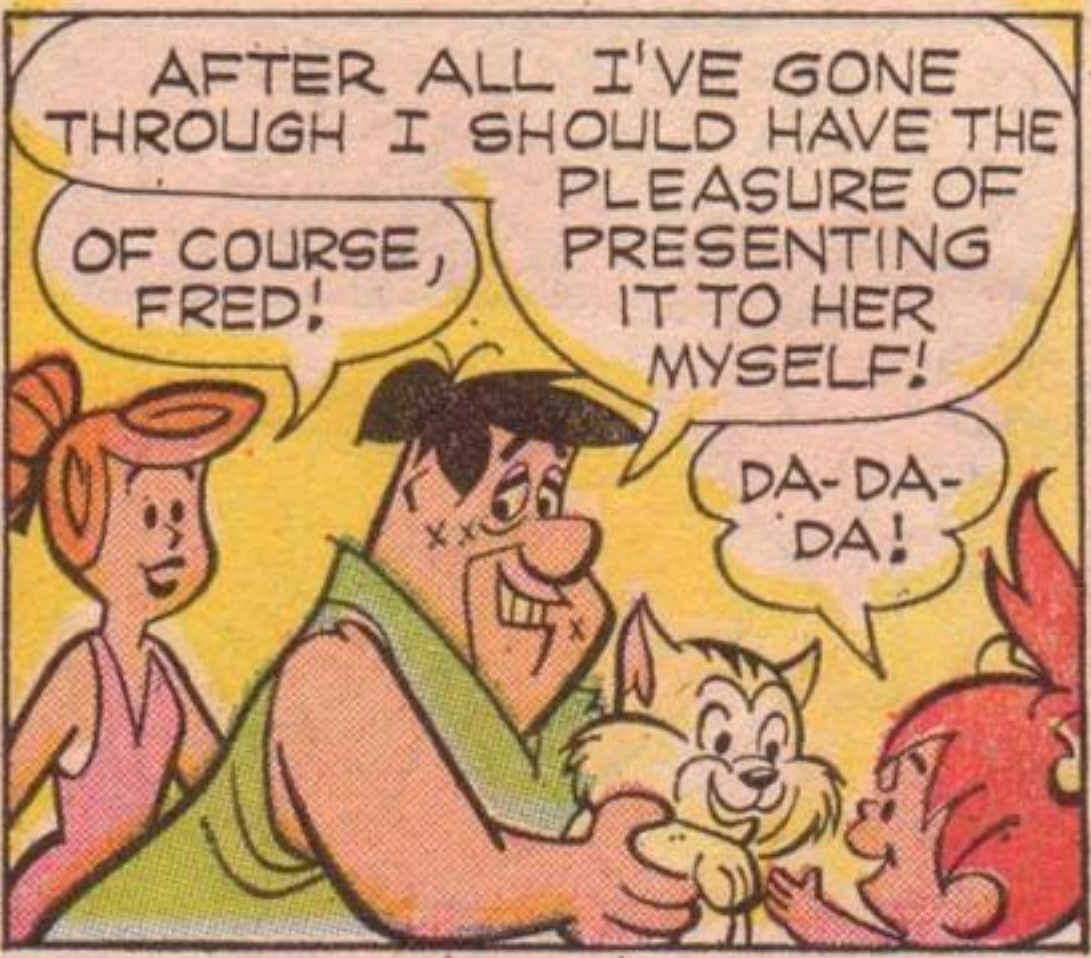
SLAM!

(WHEW!) I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER!



WAIT, FRED!

WHAT FOR, WILMA?... I BROUGHT BACK PEBBLES! KITTY, DIDN'T I?



OF COURSE, FRED!

AFTER ALL I'VE GONE THROUGH I SHOULD HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PRESENTING IT TO HER MYSELF!

DA-DA-DA!



BUT WHILE YOU WERE GONE, HER FIRST KITTY CAME BACK!

OH, NO!

PURRRRR

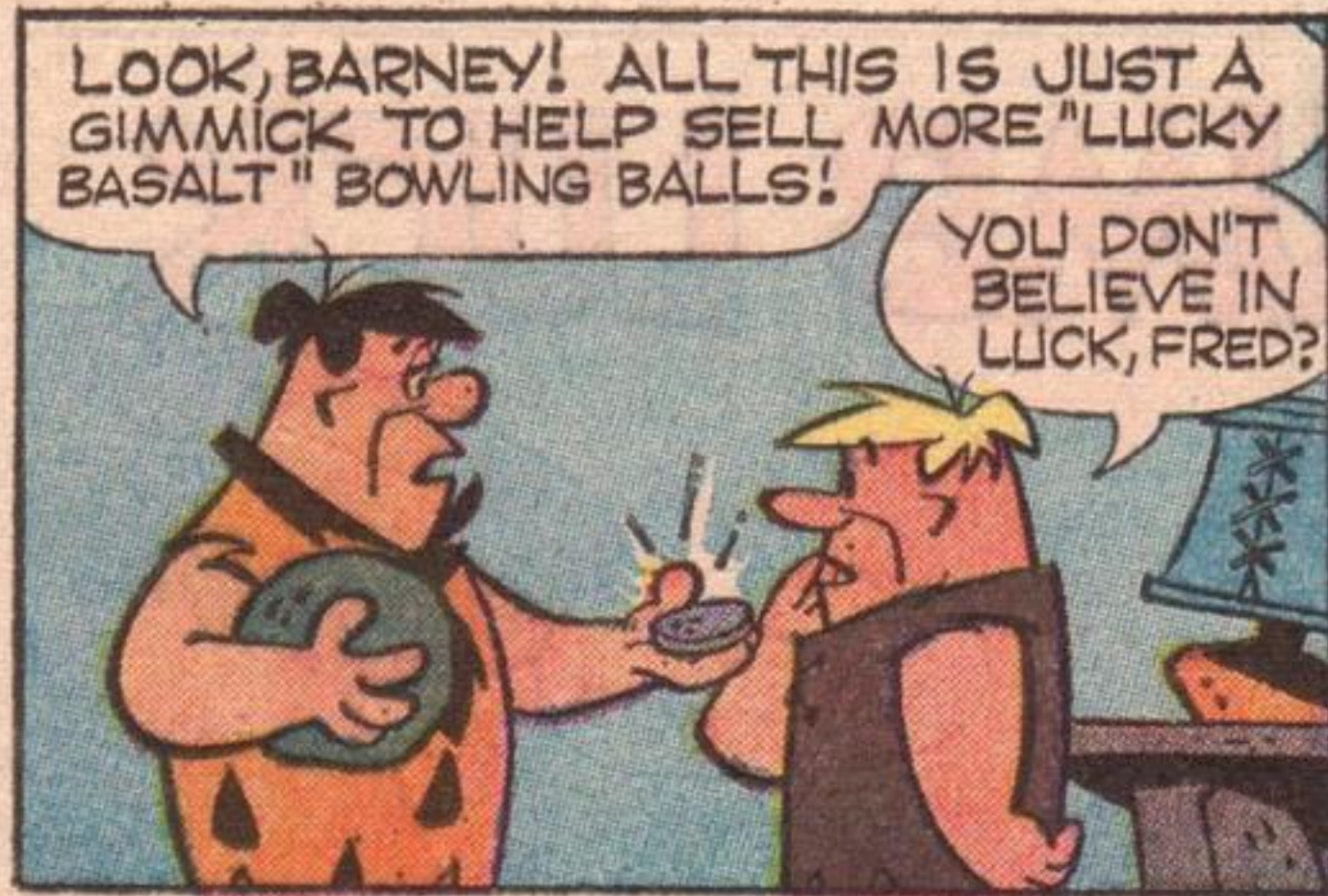
PURRR

the End

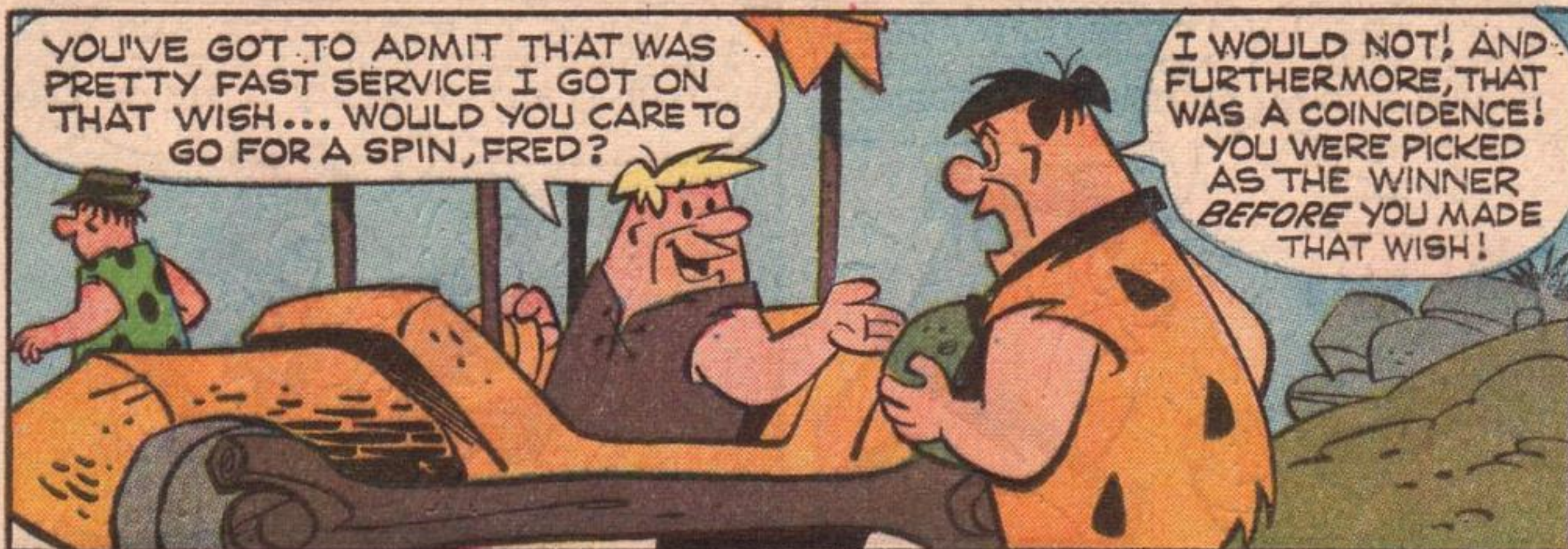




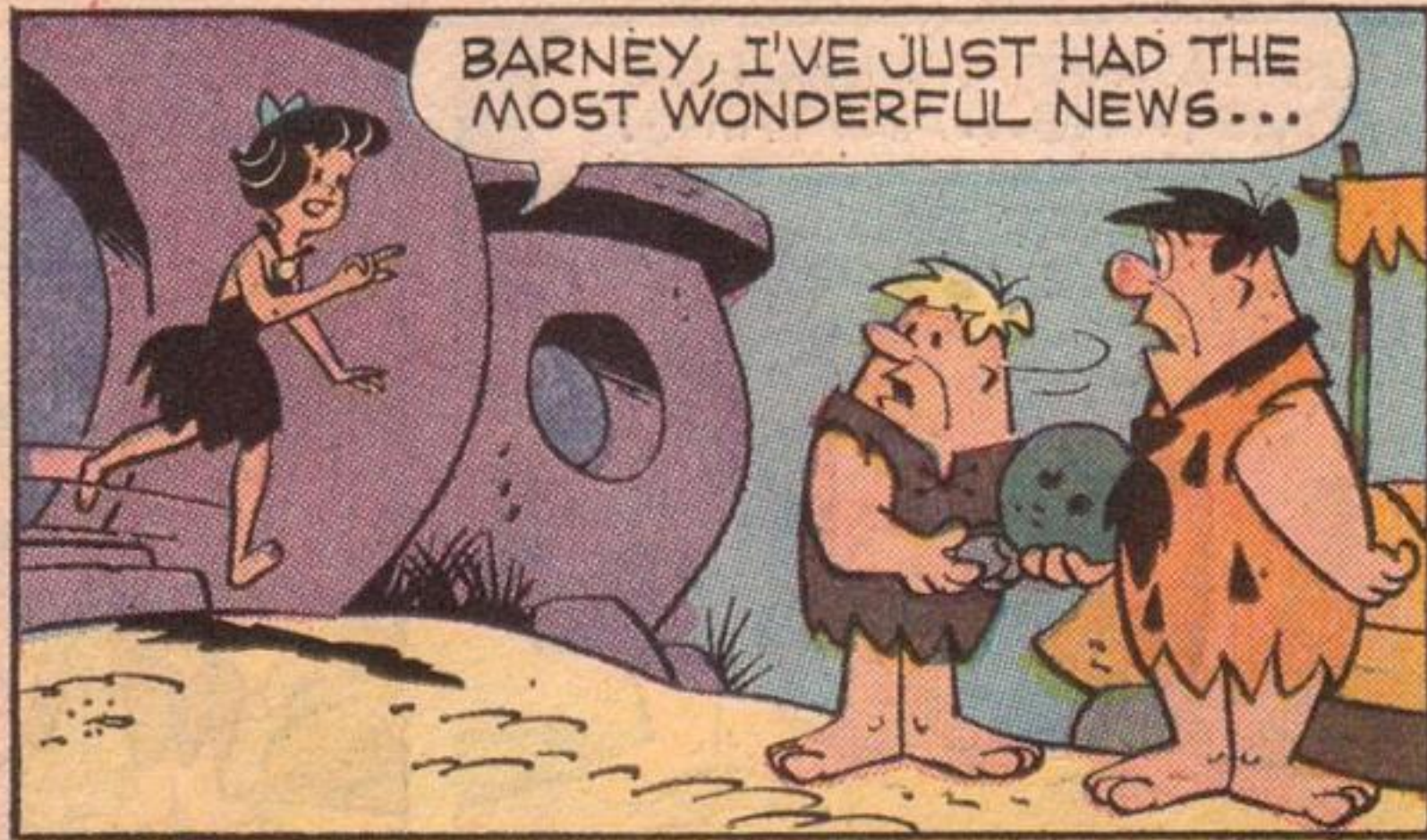
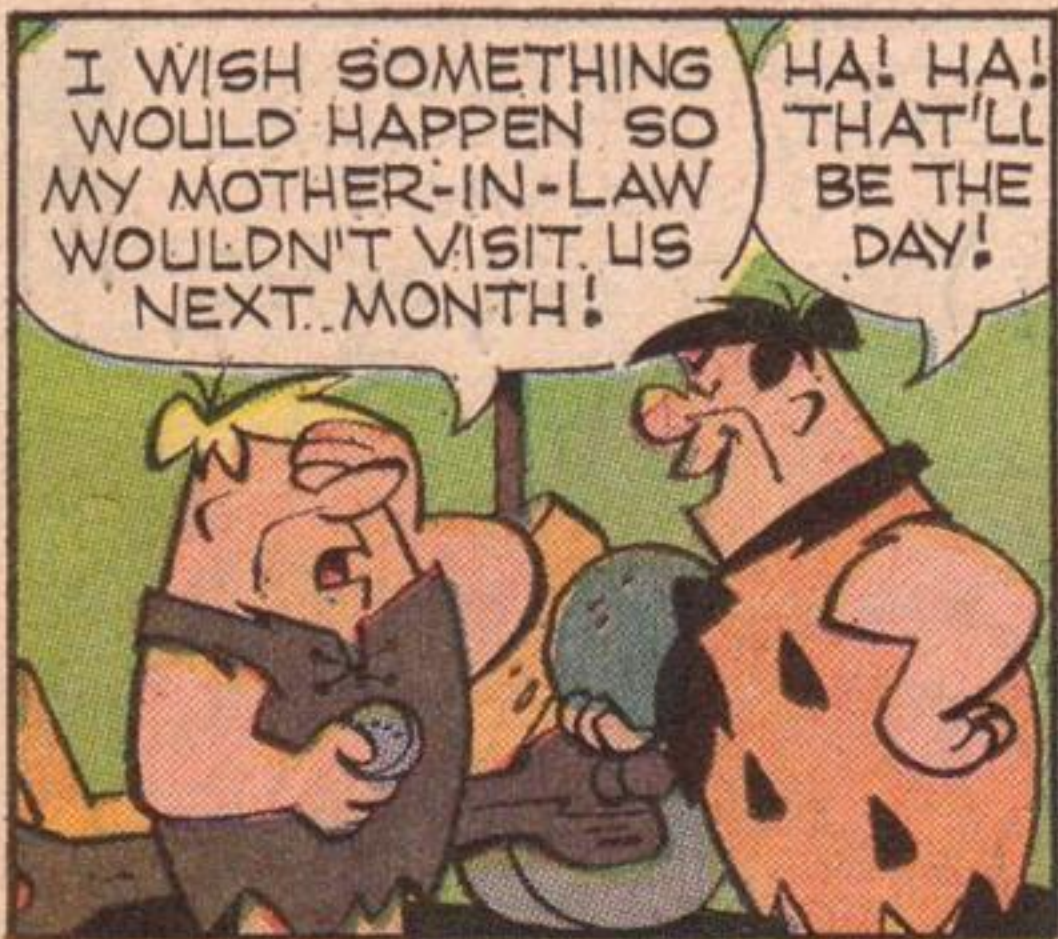




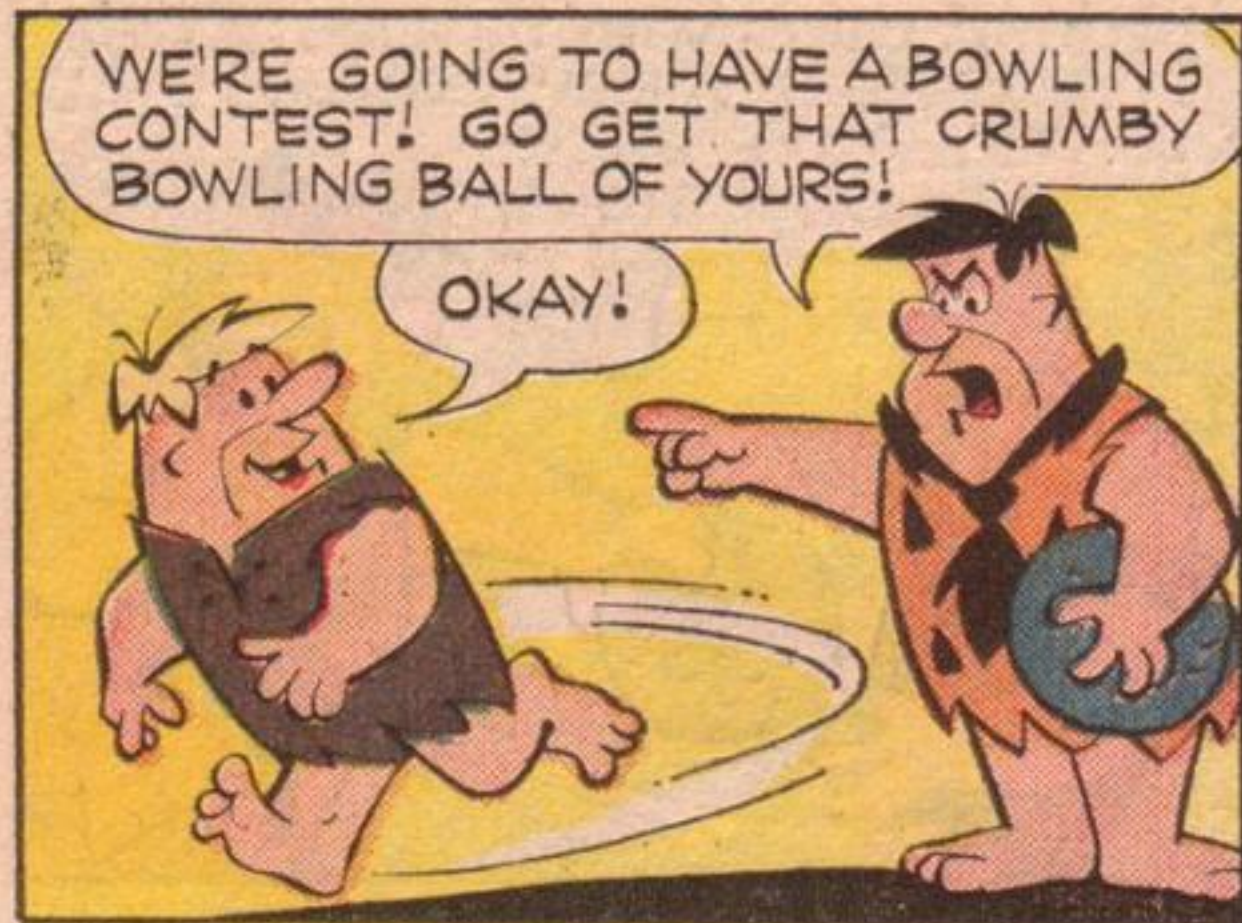




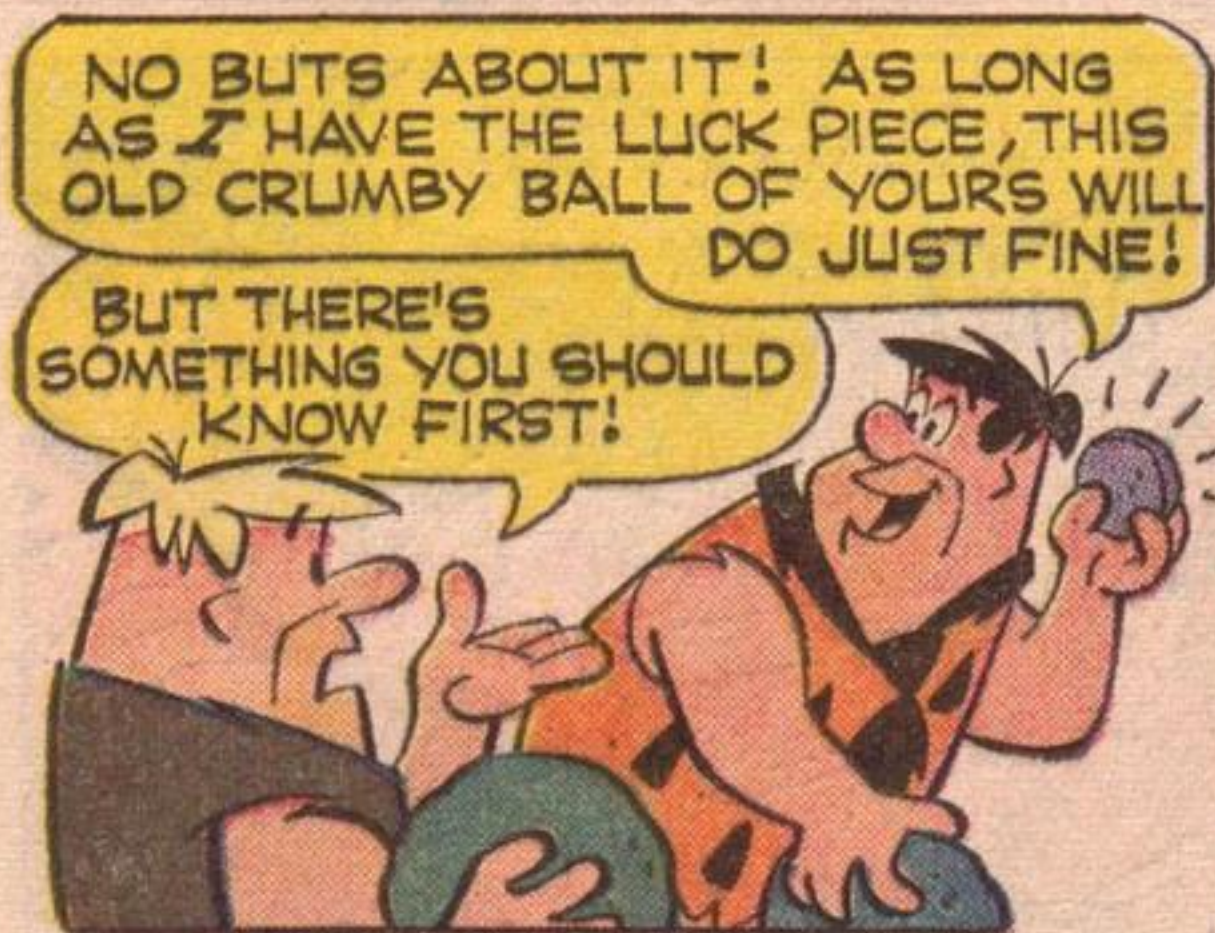
















# Reader's Page ANIMALS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

© 1969 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.



**TWIN BEAUTIES**

Marcia White  
Scottsbluff, Nebraska

**ELEPHANT**

Don Bishop  
Maple Heights, Ohio

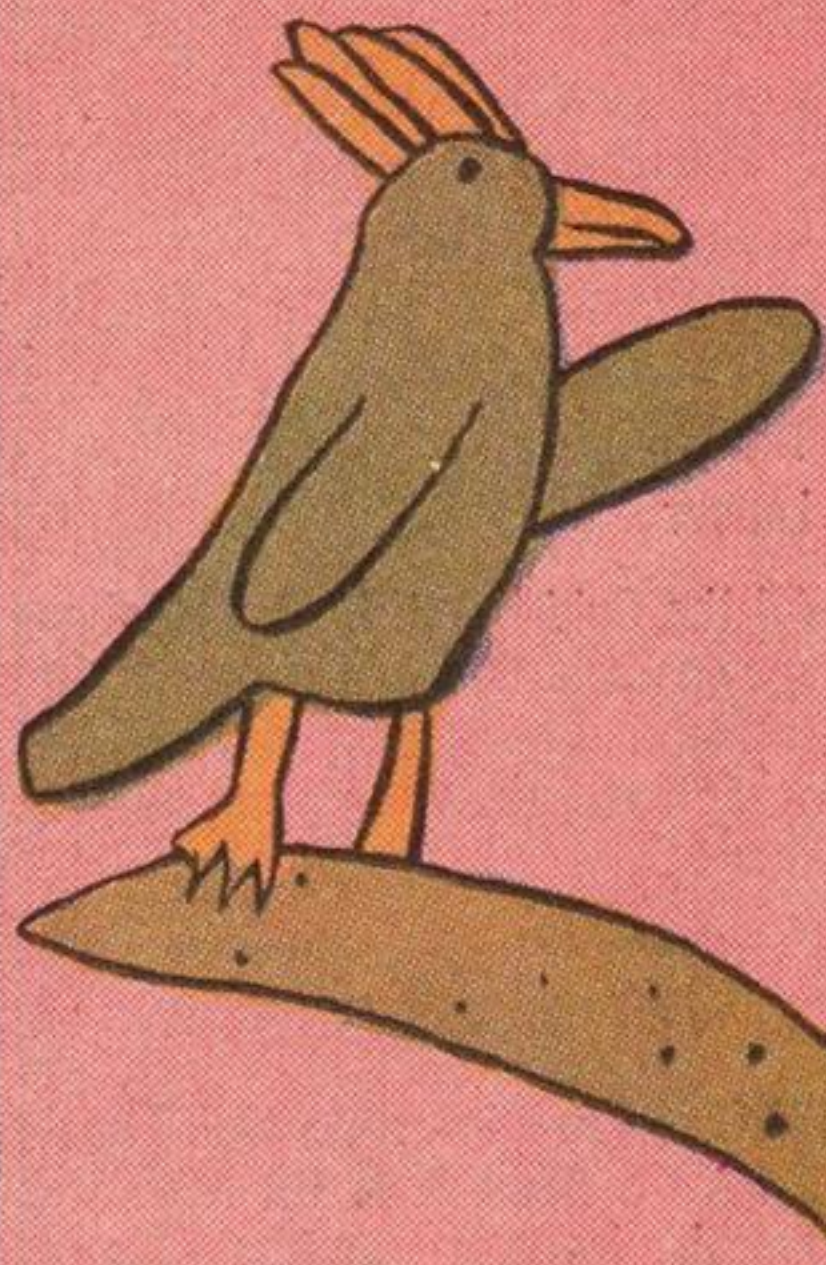


**GIANT ANTEATER**

Elizabeth Monté  
St. Martinville, Louisiana

**DOLPHIN**

Mark Simmet  
New Ulm, Minnesota



**AN AFRICAN BIRD**

Cheryl Phillips  
Jacksonville, Florida

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned, Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS  
ALL  
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB  
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.  
NORTH ROAD  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601





# JOKES ON YOU



**Riddle:** Why are horses hard to get along with?  
**Answer:** They always say "neigh."

Sherry Gail Griffith—Worthington, Ohio

**Riddle:** How many balls of string would it take to reach the moon?

**Answer:** Just one, but it would have to be a big one.

Steven Sellon—La Verne, California

**Riddle:** What did the elephant say to the ant?

**Answer:** I have a terrible crush on you.

Cindy Hamilton—Hayward, California

**Waiter:** Would you like your coffee black?

**Customer:** What other colors do you have?

Janet LaBonte—Concordia, Kansas

**Riddle:** What do ghosts eat for supper?

**Answer:** Fright chicken.

Cathy Cook—Atlanta, Georgia

**Mom:** Did you fall down with your new pants on?

**Tom:** Yes, there wasn't time to take them off.

Angela Muncillo—Omaha, Nebraska

**Father:** Congratulations. You usually talk on the phone for two hours, but only 45 minutes this time. Why?

**Daughter:** Well, this time it was a wrong number.

Tina Ruppert—Gaithersburg, Maryland

**Riddle:** Why did the farmer name his hog Ink?

**Answer:** Because he kept running out of the pen.

Diane Uchirin—Fords, New Jersey

**Riddle:** Why is a cat longer at night than in the morning?

**Answer:** Because he's let out at night and taken in in the morning.

David Newton—Fresno, California

**Mother:** Would you like some more alphabet soup?

**Daughter:** No thanks, Ma. I couldn't eat another syllable.

Stephen MacDougall—Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada

**Pat:** What are you taking for your cold?

**Fred:** I don't know. How much will you give me?

Brenda VanTasell—DeSoto, Kansas

**Riddle:** What kind of fish do dogs like to chase?

**Answer:** Catfish.

Donna Kresky—Owego, New York

**Riddle:** What did Tennessee?

**Answer:** The same thing Arkansas.

Susan Fleming—Spartanburg, South Carolina

**Teacher:** Sam, what is your favorite state?

**Sam:** Mississippi.

**Teacher:** How do you spell it?

**Sam:** Er... I like Ohio much better.

Larry Mar—Cumberland, British Columbia, Canada

**Riddle:** What are the biggest ants in the world?

**Answer:** Gi-ants.

Belinda Villanueva—Coleman, Texas

**Jack:** Which game do you think is the best?

**Tom:** The one I win.

Danny Saepo—Indianapolis, Indiana

**Hope:** Ouch! That hot water burned my hand.

**Mope:** You should have felt it before you put your hand in it.

Annette Moisan—Newburyport, Massachusetts

**Lor:** I wish I was born 400 years ago.

**Joanne:** Why?

**Lor:** Because I wouldn't have had to learn so much history.

Roberta Shelofsky—Orangeburg, New York

**Farmer Boy:** My father can't decide whether to buy a cow or a tractor.

**City Boy:** He'd look funny riding a cow.

**Farmer Boy:** Well, he'd look even funnier milking a tractor.

Greg Pollestad—Munich, North Dakota

**Riddle:** Why do dragons sleep in the daytime?

**Answer:** So they can hunt knights.

Sharon Anne Clark—Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada

**Farmer:** Would you like to take this chicken home to eat?

**Marvin:** Yes, I would — but what does it eat?

Patricia Guelker—St. Louis, Missouri

© 1969, WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

Send each drawing, joke or other contribution on a separate sheet of paper • No payments are made for club contributions and no contributions can be returned. Letters cannot be answered individually • Watch club pages every month for replies, your drawings, jokes, written ideas and your name in print.

ADDRESS  
ALL  
MAIL TO:

GOLD KEY COMICS CLUB  
WESTERN PUBLISHING CO.  
NORTH ROAD  
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601



Hanna-Barbera  
**CAVE KIDS**

# IZZY'S WHIZZY WEAPON

HEY, KIDS... IZZY EINSTONE, THE JUVENILE SCIENTIST, IS SURROUNDED BY DANGEROUS SAURUSES!

TO HIS RESCUE!

SNORT!

!?!?

GRK!

WHEEZ!

STOP IN YOUR NEBBY TRACKS, YOU BUSYBODIES!

HUH?

I PREFER TO CONDUCT THIS EXPERIMENT WITHOUT OUTSIDE HELP!

WOW! LOOK AT HIS CLUB BOUNCE EFFORTLESSLY FROM SKULL TO SKULL, ALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW!

HMM! EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE, EH?

★ **BOP!** ★ **BOP!** ★

**BOP!**

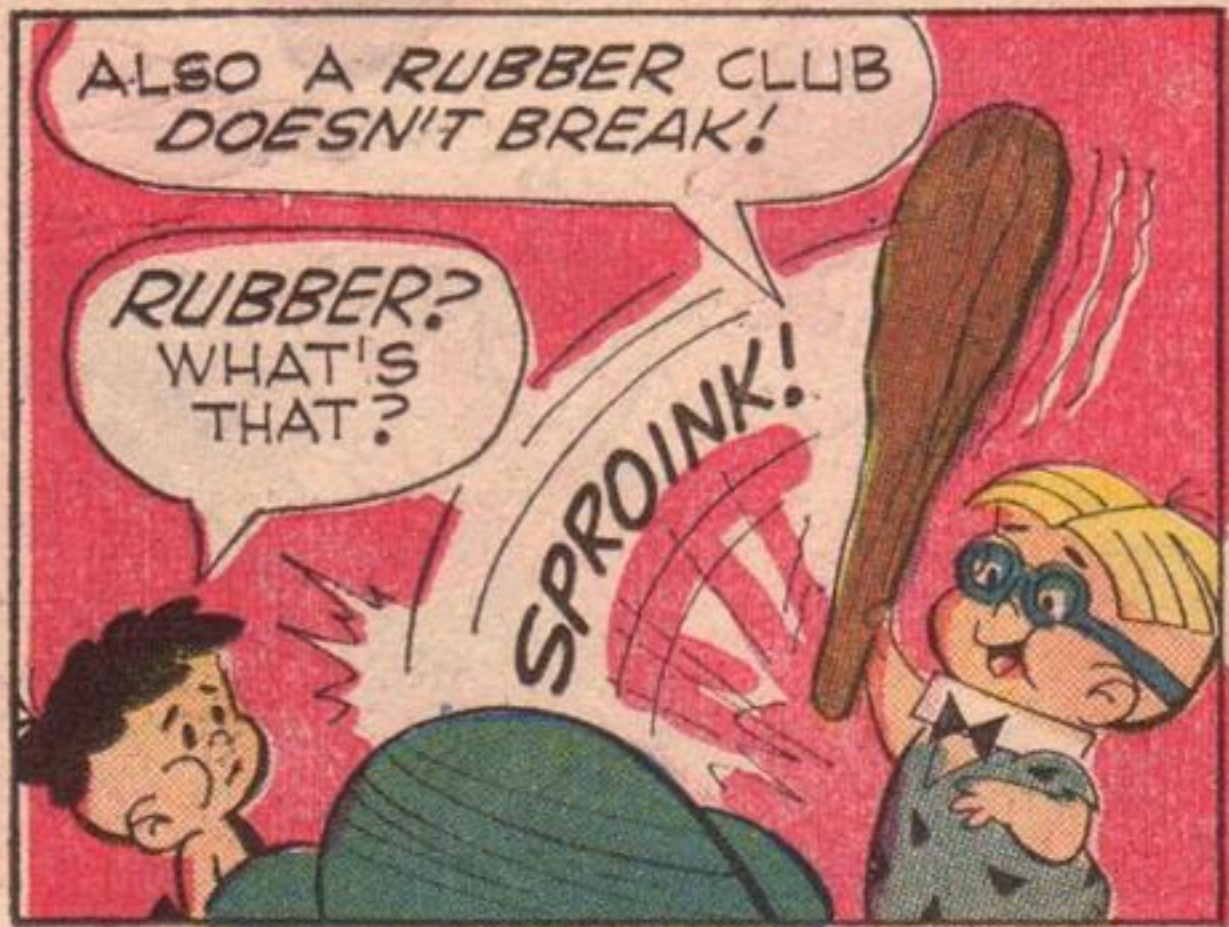




BUT THEY'RE ONLY **STUNNED!**

MY **PETRIFIED** CLUB WOULD HAVE DONE BETTER!

BUT I **AM** ABLE TO ESCAPE! AND A HARDER CLUB **WOULDN'T BOUNCE** FOR RAPID-FIRE RAPS!



ALSO A **RUBBER** CLUB DOESN'T BREAK!

**RUBBER?** WHAT'S THAT?

**SPROINK!**



THAT'S WHAT I CALL THE SAP FROM THIS TREE! HEH... **RUBBER-CLUBBERY** WILL REVOLUTIONIZE SAURUS-BOPPING!

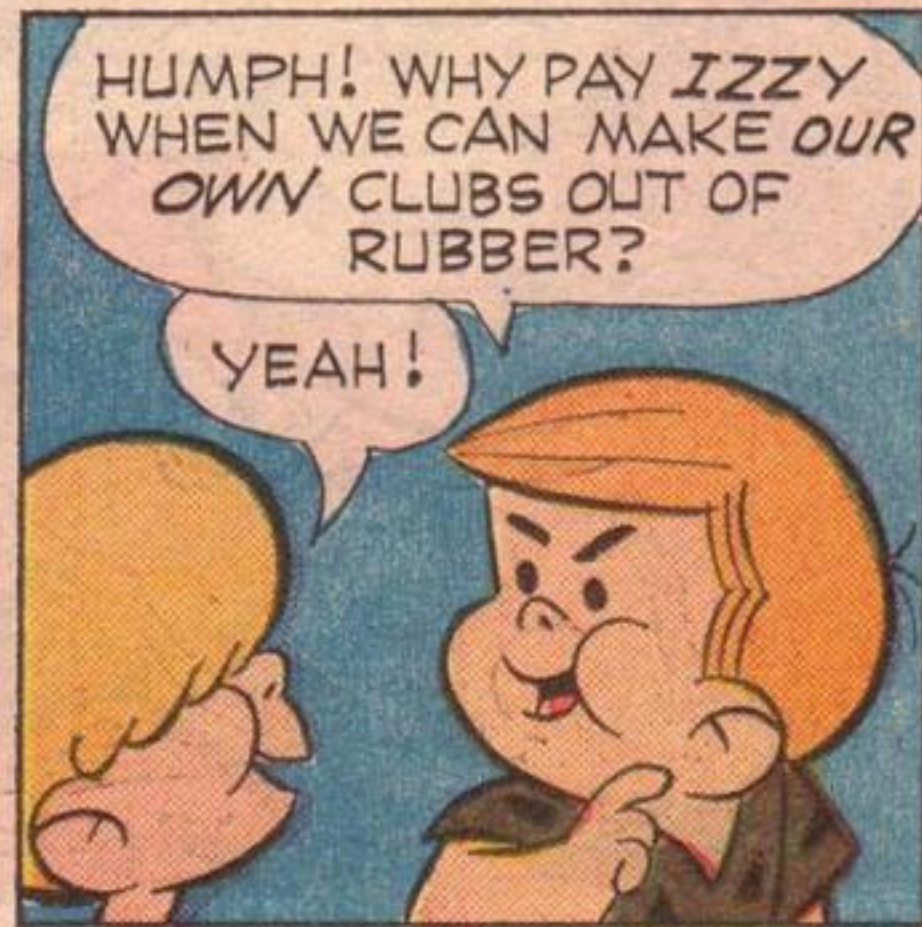
HMM! I THINK **IZZY'S** HIT ON A GOOD THING!



YOU WILL SOON BE ABLE TO PURCHASE **RUBBER CLUBS** FROM ME AT A REASON-ABLE PRICE, KIDS!

THANKS!

**IZZY EINSTONE**



HUMPH! WHY PAY **IZZY** WHEN WE CAN MAKE **OUR OWN** CLUBS OUT OF RUBBER?

**YEAH!**



C'MON, GUYS! LET'S GATHER SAP!

YO-HO-HO! ME FOR A **RAPID-RAP CLUB!**



AND SHORTLY...

UGH! IT SURE IS A **STICKY MESS!**

**BROTHER!**



WELL, STICKY OR NOT, HERE COMES  
A RAGING SNAGGY-SAURUS FOR US  
TO PRACTICE ON!

SNORT-GRR-HUFF!



TAKE *THAT*, YOU  
POACHED-BRAINED  
BEAST!

IT DIDN'T  
BOUNCE!

**SLOTCH!**

GRNX!



IT  
STUCK!

LEGGGO OF  
MY CLUB!



HALP! I'M BEING CAVE-  
KIDNAPPED BY A RAGING  
SNAGGY-SAURUS!

POOR  
SMALL  
STUFF!

THIS IS A JOB FOR  
ROCKY RANGER!



ROCKY! HALP! SAVE  
SMALL STUFF!!

EEK! HALP! WHY  
DID I EVER INSTALL  
THAT CALL-IN TUBE?

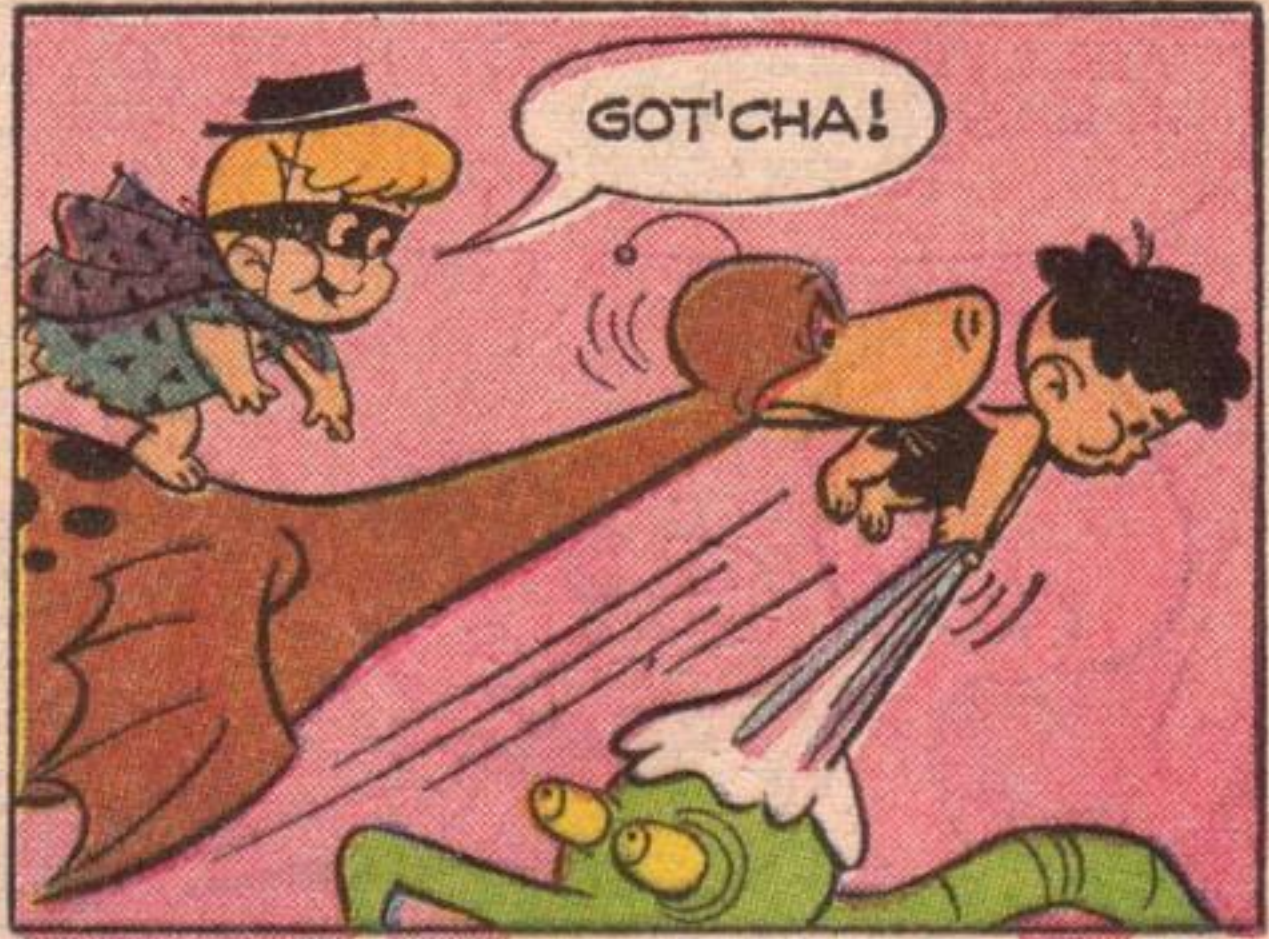


TO THE RESCUE, FLAPPY,  
FAITHFUL, SWOOPING  
STEED!

SNX!









# THE CRYSTAL CAPER



Perry Gunnite was sitting quietly at his desk when a man dressed in flowing robes and a turban dashed into his office.

"Mr. Gunnite! You must help me! My most valuable possession has been stolen!" cried the strangely dressed man.

"Say, I know you," Perry said. "You're Swami Salami, the famous mind reader and medium. If something's been stolen, why don't you just look in your crystal ball to find it? Heh, heh, heh..."

The Swami gave Perry two conks on the head for being a wise guy and then politely informed him that what had just been stolen was his crystal ball.

"Who do you think would want to steal a crystal ball?" asked Perry.

"Look, I came here for answers, not questions. Questions I get all day long at my fortune-telling booth," yelled Swami Salami. But then he paused for a minute... "Come to think of it, who would want a crystal ball but another medium? And the only other swami in town is Swami Yogurt!" cried Salami. "He has always been jealous of my crystal ball. It's bigger than his and gets much better picture reception... in color, too!"

"That's it," said Perry. "Swami Yogurt must be the thief. We'll go and search his place right now. Your good thinking gave me the clues I needed."

As they went out the door, Swami Salami said, "If I'd really been a good thinker I would've figured this out before coming to you and saved myself a big fee." Perry told him to quit thinking.

Shortly they arrived in front of Swami Yogurt's place of business. A big sign read: "SWAMI YOGURT TELLS ALL!"

"Sounds like a big tattletale to me," Perry mused out loud.

Inside, the evil Swami Yogurt gloated over his new crystal ball. He was, indeed, the thief. He also was dressed in flowing robes and a tall turban... the standard costume for swamis and mediums.

"Heh, heh... at last I've got old Salami's twenty-one inch crystal ball instead of my seventeen incher," chuckled Yogurt.

"You may get seventeen to twenty-one days in jail for this, Swami Yogurt," yelled our hero as he smashed through the door. (He always smashes through doors... even unlocked ones. It looks so much more heroic.)

While Perry was recovering, Swami Yogurt dashed outside with the crystal ball.

Swami Yogurt was a fast runner, so by the time Perry and Salami caught up, he had run around the corner and all the way to the end of a pier at the harbor. There was no crystal ball in his hands.

"What did you do with my crystal ball, you villain?" cried Swami Salami.

"I tossed it into the ocean," replied the evil medium, laughing gleefully.

"Don't believe that baloney, Salami," said Perry as he hit Yogurt's turban.

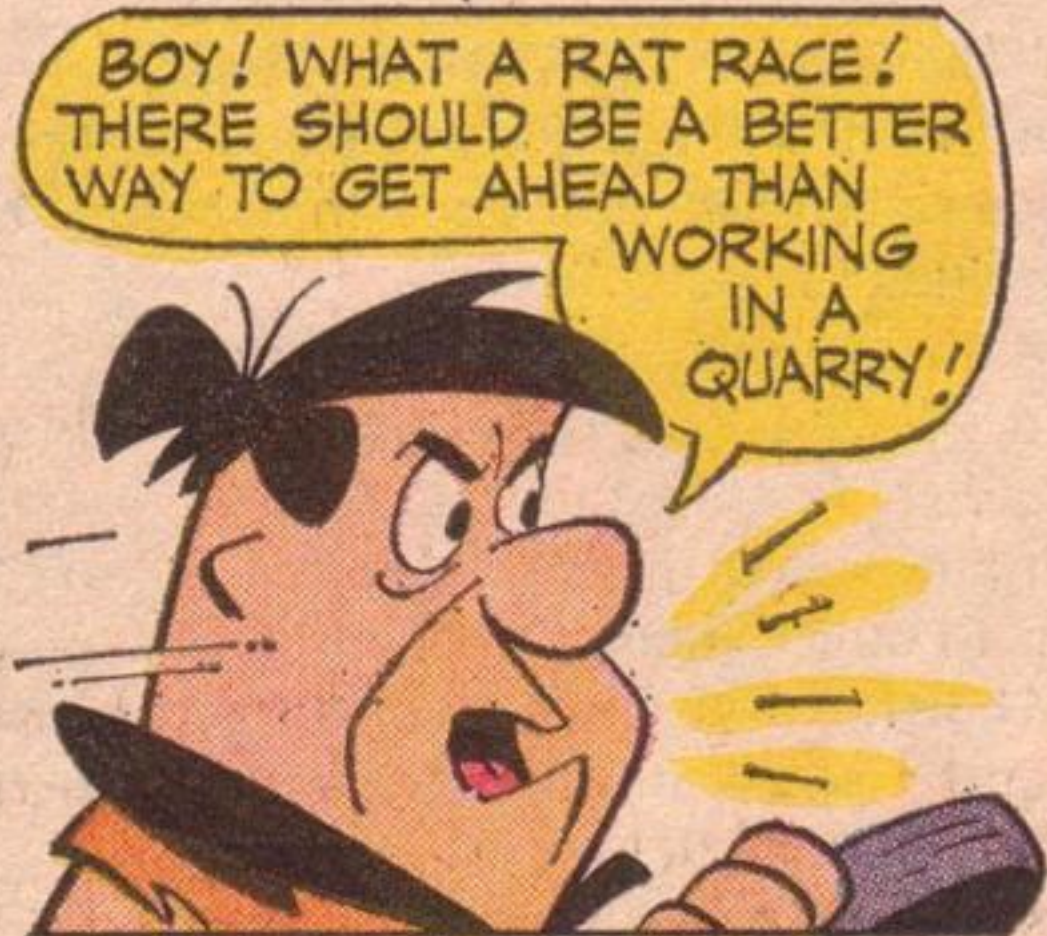
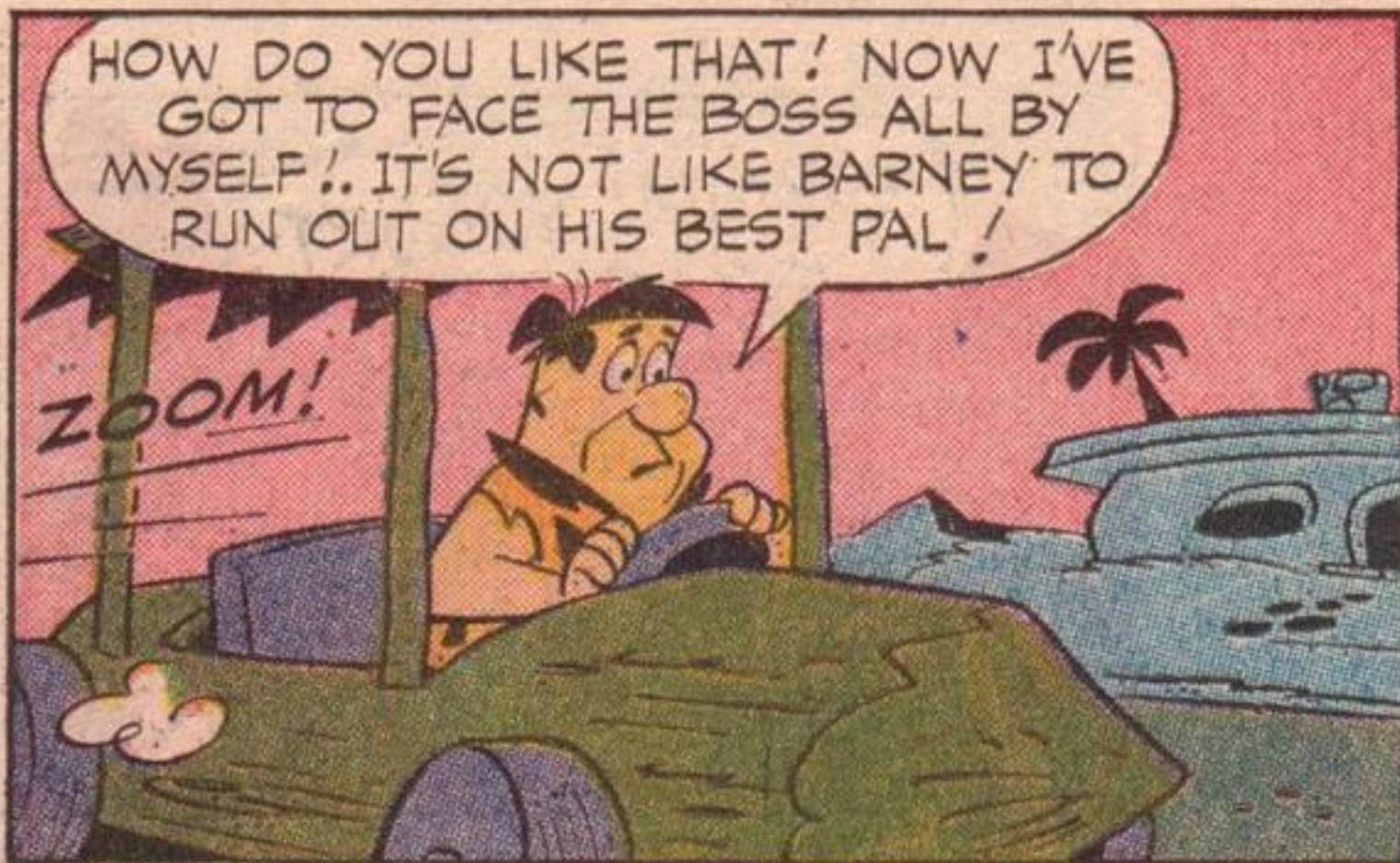
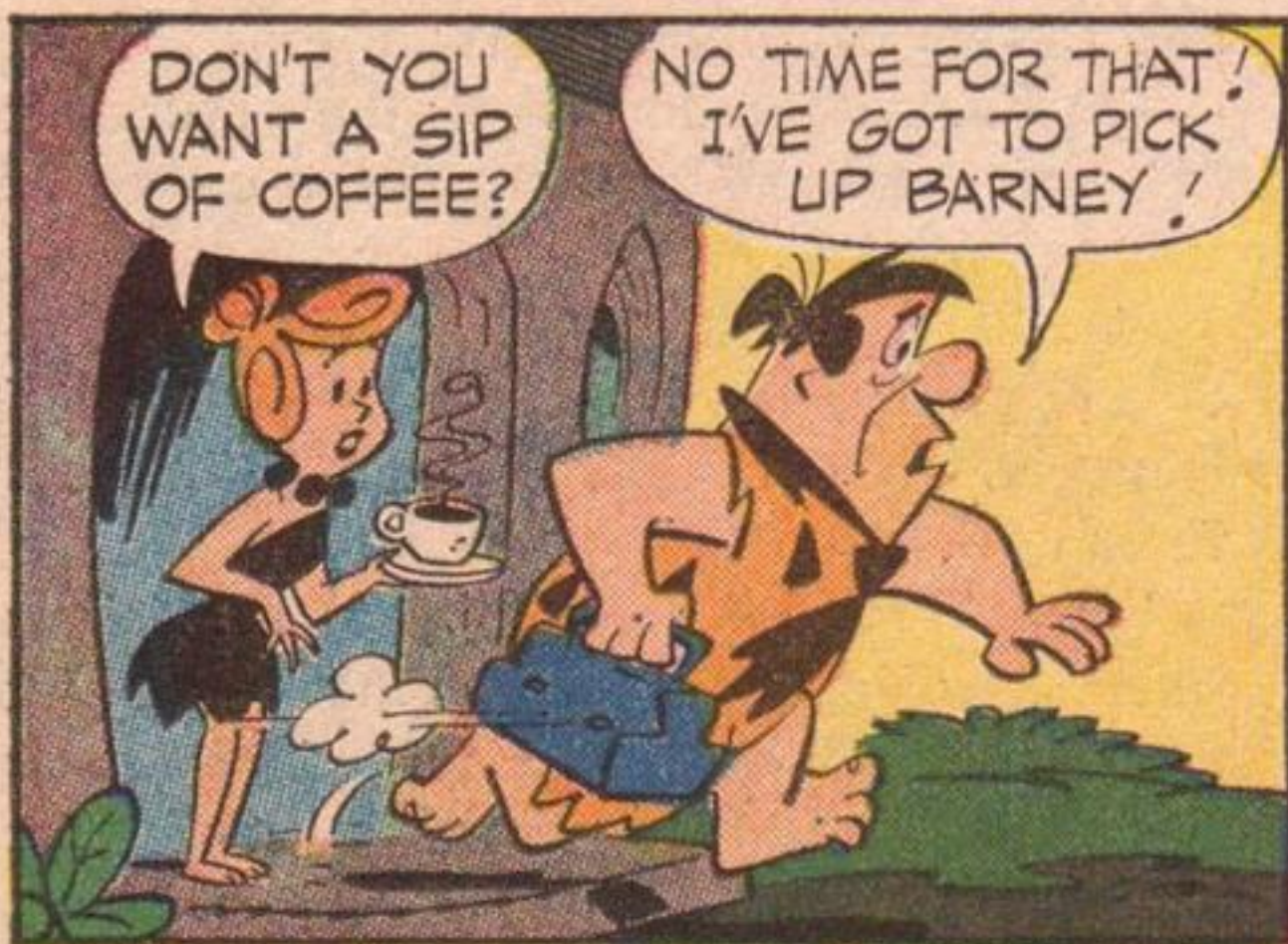
As the tall turban fell to the ground, it revealed the crystal ball, balanced on top of Swami Yogurt's head!

On the way back to the police station, Salami asked Perry how he knew Yogurt was lying, and how he got the idea to hit the turban off.

"Easy," replied Perry. "I got suspicious when I saw him so happy even though his plot to steal the ball had failed. I figured he must still have it, and I followed some advice my mother gave me long ago... always strike a happy medium!"









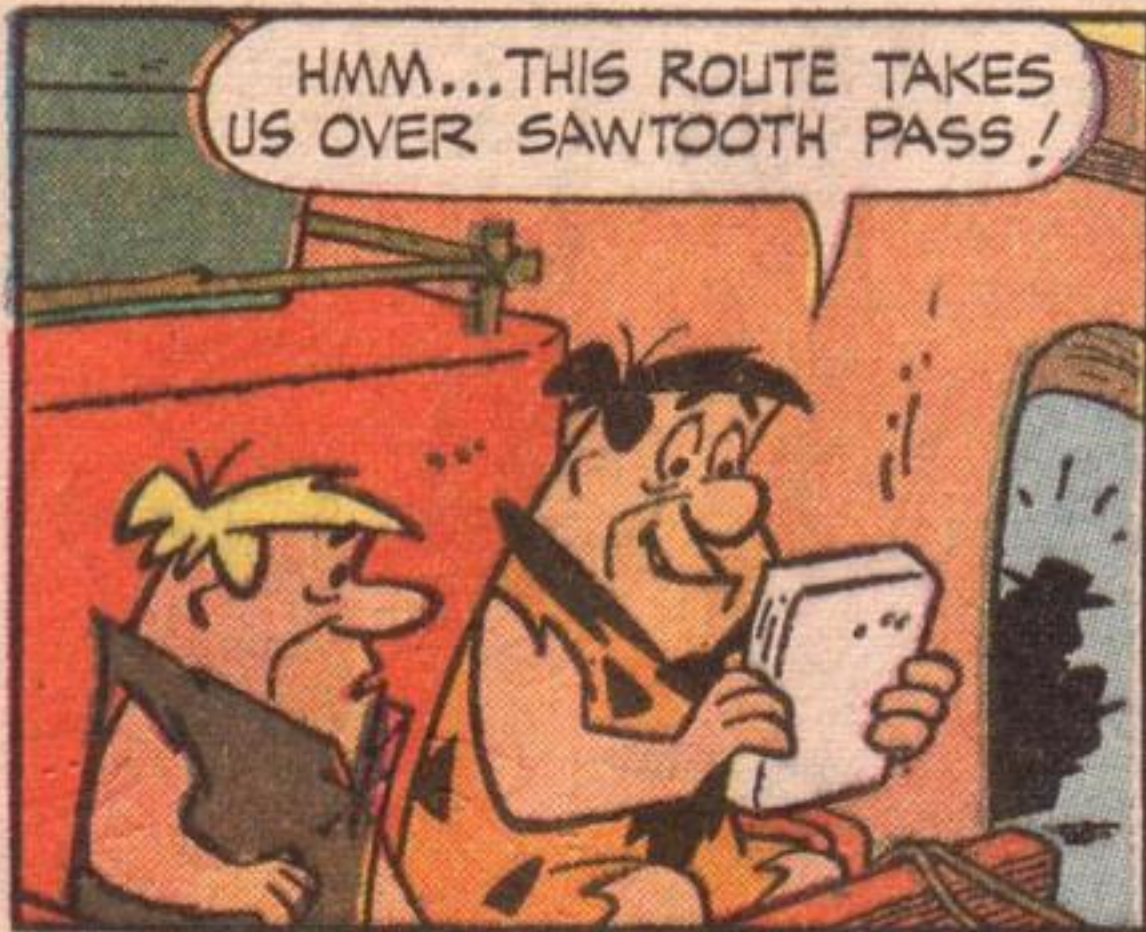




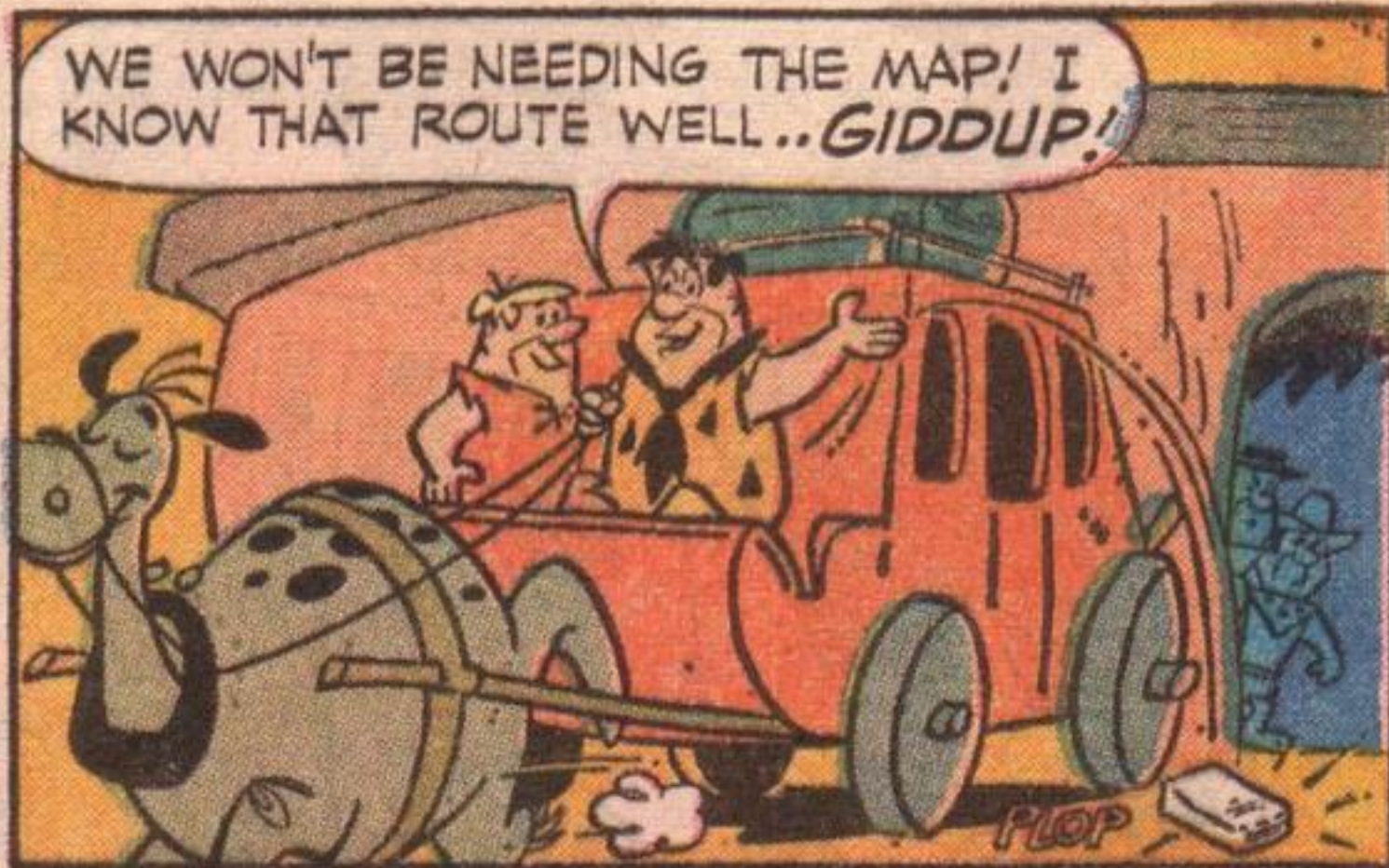




HMM...THIS ROUTE TAKES US OVER SAWTOOTH PASS!



WE WON'T BE NEEDING THE MAP! I KNOW THAT ROUTE WELL..GIDDUP!



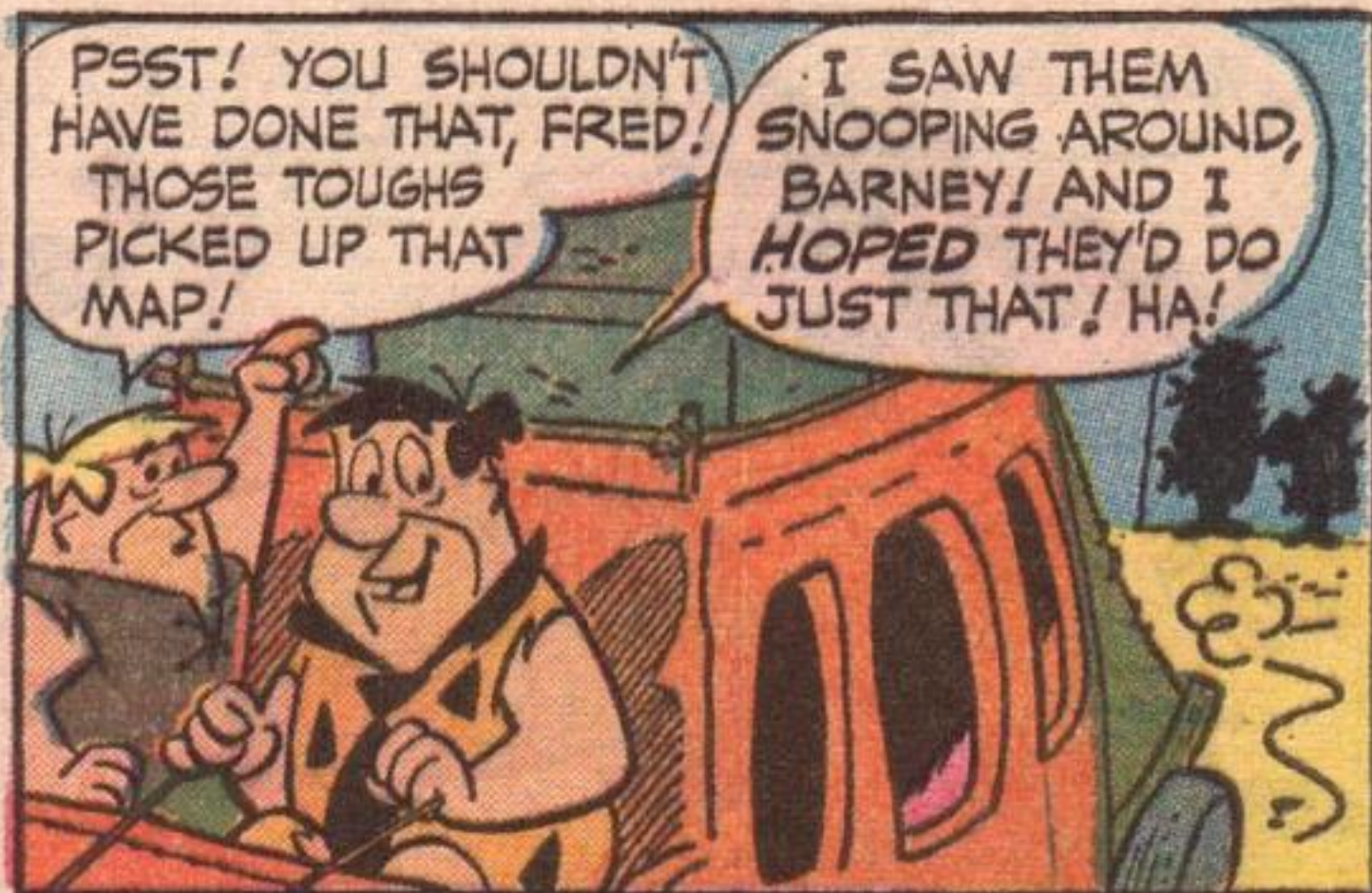
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT MAP, GIMP!

GOOD IDEA, GYP!



PSST! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, FRED! THOSE TOUGHS PICKED UP THAT MAP!

I SAW THEM SNOOPING AROUND, BARNEY! AND I HOPED THEY'D DO JUST THAT! HA!



NOW **WE'LL** TAKE THE ROUND ABOUT WAY, THROUGH SOAPSTONE GULCH!

GOOD THINKING, FRED!



THIS JOB IS A CINCH! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS USE THE OLD BEAN!

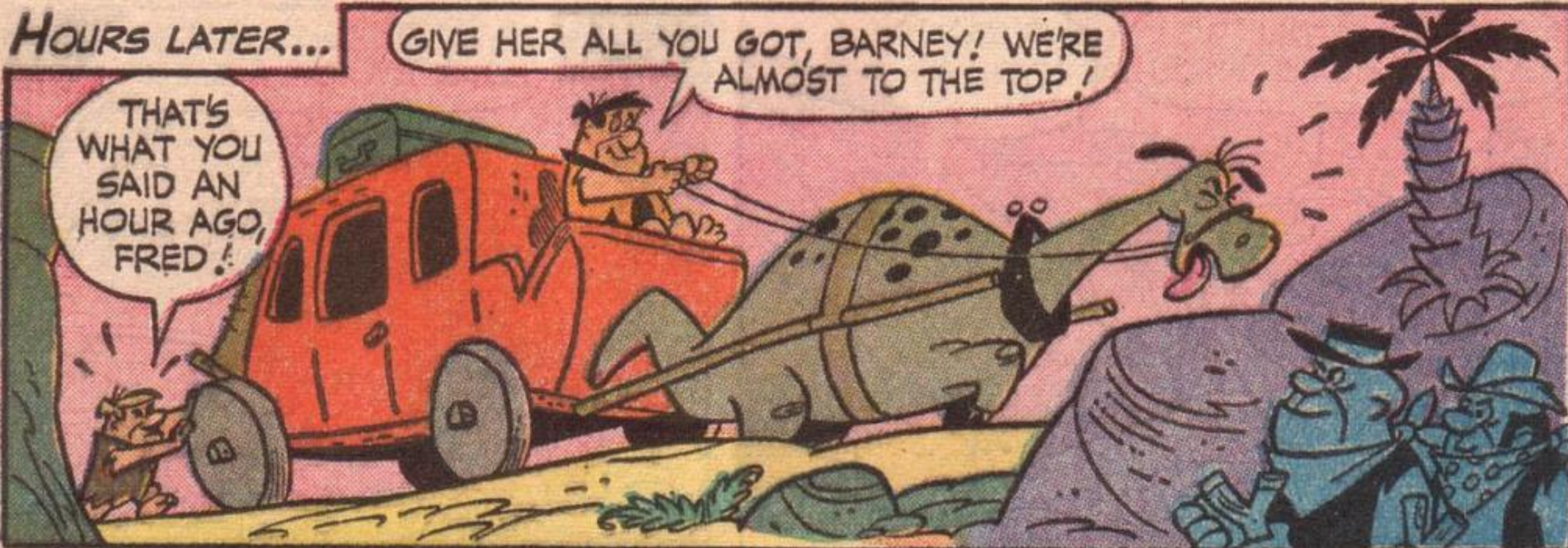
(WHEW!) YOU GOT TO USE A LOT OF MUSCLE, TOO!



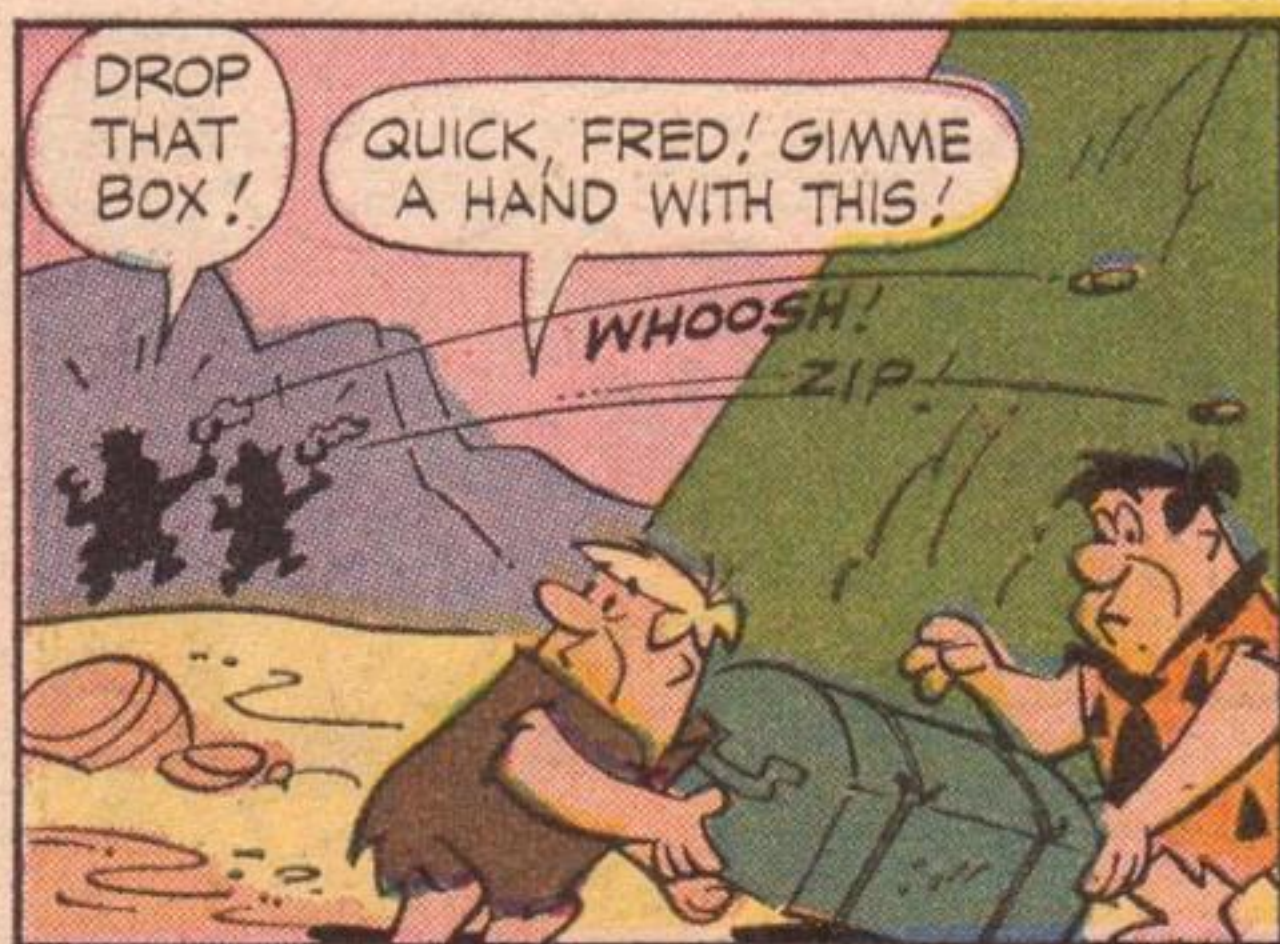
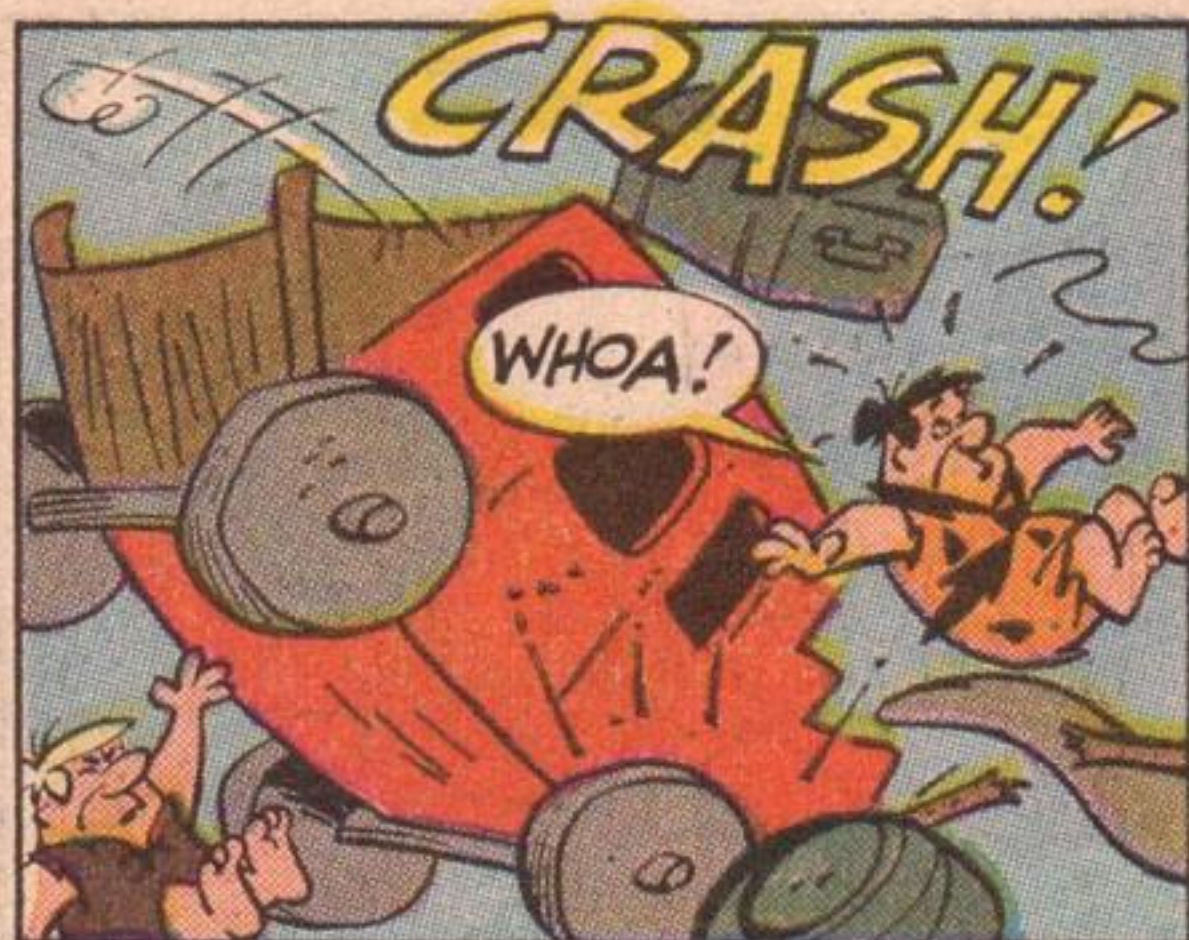
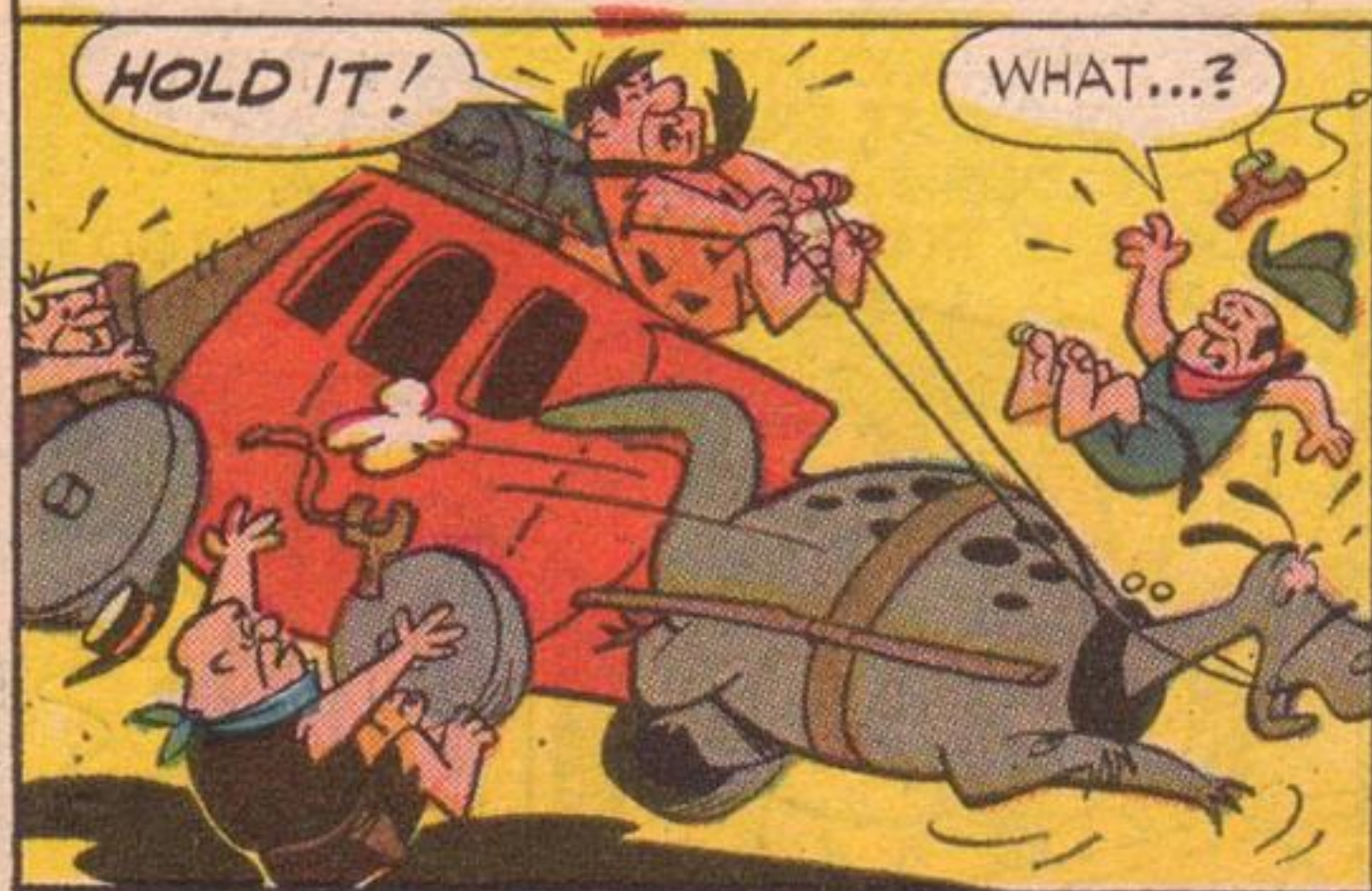
HOURS LATER...

GIVE HER ALL YOU GOT, BARNEY! WE'RE ALMOST TO THE TOP!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID AN HOUR AGO, FRED!









NOW LET'S HOPE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY OUT OF HERE!

YOU SAID IT!



UH-OH! LOOK WHO'S WAITING FOR US!



DON'T YOU THINK WE'D BETTER GIVE UP, FRED?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE!



LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT!



OKAY! LET'S MAKE A DASH FOR IT!

THIS WAY!



ON YOUR TOES, FRED! WE GOT TROUBLES COMING!

CRASH!



WHOOSH!

HA! MISSED US!



ARE YOU SURE WE CAN GET THROUGH HERE, FRED?

WE'LL HAVE TO! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY PAST THOSE THUGS!





